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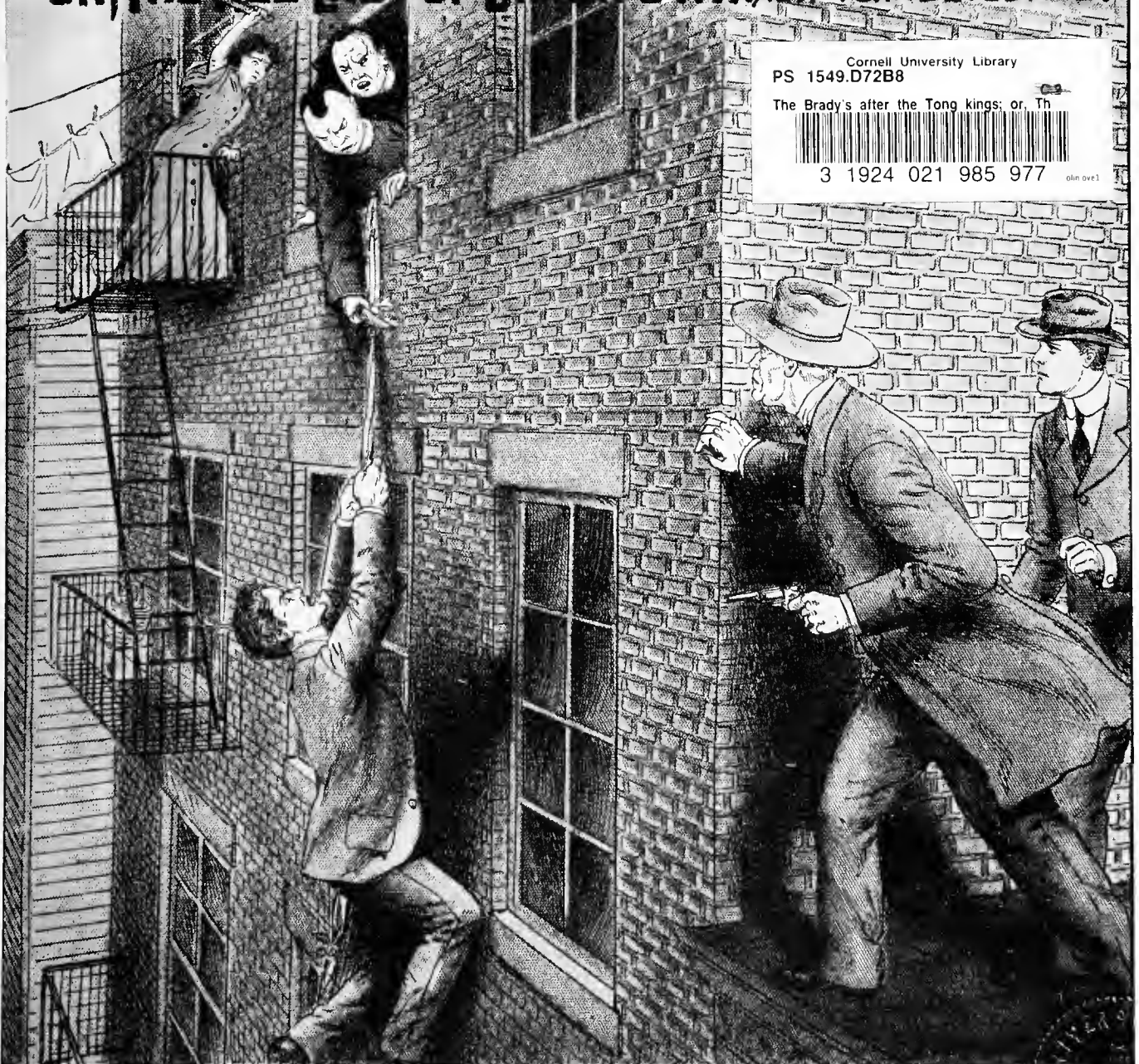
Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post-Office, March 1, 1899, by Frank Tousey.

No. 565.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1909.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AFTER THE TONG KINGS OR, THE RED LADY OF CHINATOWN. BY A. NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.



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The boy yelled for all he was worth, as well he might, for one of the Chinamen at the window was now trying to cut the rope. This the Bradys saw as they peered around the corner of the building.

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SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1909.

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CHAPTER I.

MR. THOMAS TUPPET PINCHER.

The detectives of the world-famous Brady Bureau, of Union Square, New York City, had closed up the business of the day and were in the act of leaving their office when they were halted at the door by a man of peculiar appearance, and still more peculiar voice.

"You, sir," he said, addressing the elder detective, "are, I take it, the celebrated Old King Brady. May I have a word with you?"

The party addressed was Old King Brady, and it was not at all strange that he was so readily recognized by one who was certainly a stranger, for he wore as usual the quaint, long blue coat with brass buttons, the old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar and the big, broad-brimmed, white felt hat, which has become so famous.

With him were Young King Brady, familiarly known as "Harry" by his partners, "and Miss Alice Montgomery, the renowned female sleuth.

"Certainly, sir! I am Old King Brady. What is it you wish?" the elder detective replied.

He found himself a little puzzled to place the man, who was an undersized proposition in every particular, with hands and feet so small as to be almost ludicrous.

His gray head was not much larger than a good-sized cocoanut, measured inside the ears, which were unusually long, pointed and projecting, and so transparent that the light shone through them.

In addition it may be mentioned that the man's age must have been at least fifty, while his voice was as high-keyed and squeaky as a boy's.

"Thank you!" he said. "I fear, however, I am intruding at an unreasonable hour. You were just leaving for the night?"

"Yes, but we can return. May I ask your name?"

"Assuredly."

As the little man said it he produced a much-soiled visiting card—indeed, he was a much-soiled little man himself, especially about the coat, the front of which was well spotted with the droppings of many meals.

On the card was printed: "Mr. Thomas Tuppet Pincher."

Beneath, written in lead pencil, was: "Lawyer, Covington, Ky."

"Alice," said Old King Brady, addressing Miss Montgomery, "you are in a hurry. Better go on. Harry and I will talk with this gentleman."

Alice departed and Old King Brady, opening the office door, ushered Mr. T. Tuppet Pincher into his private office, where he turned on the electric light, opened his desk and sat down, prepared for business.

Mr. Pincher removed a much-soiled derby and placed it on the floor beside his chair.

He then produced a much-soiled wallet, saying as he did so:

"I shall endeavor to be as brief as possible, Mr. Brady. As brief as possible, sir."

"Take your time," replied the old detective. "My partner and I are in no especial hurry."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. I am in something of a hurry myself. I am a lawyer, Mr. Brady, and my time is valuable. I wish to consult you about a case."

Certainly he was a talker, and Old King Brady seeing it, kept silence.

Meanwhile Mr. Pincher's little fingers began fumbling inside the greasy wallet, and at last they fished out a photograph, which was handed to Old King Brady.

It represented a young woman with rather an attractive face, the lines of which were somewhat weak.

"The woman in the case, Mr. Brady," said the little lawyer. "The—er—the lady in the case."

"Yes," said Old King Brady, turning over the photograph to see if there was any writing on the back, and finding none.

"Yes," repeated Mr. Pincher, "the—er—the lady in the case."

And still the little man's fingers fumbled in the greasy wallet.

This time they fished out the photograph of a good-looking young Chinaman.

Old King Brady gave a slight start as he caught sight of the face.

"The—er—the man in the case, Mr. Brady," said Pincher, extending the photograph. "A Chinese man, you will perceive."

Old King Brady looked at the photograph intently and then passed it to Harry, who gave him a meaning glance.

Still fumbling, Mr. Pincher fished out a legal paper, which the old detective also got.

It was the sworn statement of a clergyman in Covington, Ky., dated two years back, to the effect that on a certain day he had married Miss Emily Trevanion, of said city, to one Wing Wang, also of said city.

This was read and passed to Harry.

"These are the facts," said Mr. Pincher. "Beautiful young girl. Taught Chinese class in Sunday school, married one of her pupils, cast off, consequently, by her parents, now dead. Wanted by relatives who have heard that she is very unhappy. Willing to pay any reasonable price. Now for the recommendation or introduction, whichever you are pleased to call it. Here it is."

This was the last thing which came out of the greasy wallet.

It proved to be a letter from the Secret Service Commissioner at Cincinnati, introducing Mr. Pincher.

The letter merely stated that Mr. P. was a lawyer in good standing, residing at Covington.

Old King Brady consulted a letter file and found that the commissioner's signature was unquestionably genuine.

"All right?" asked Mr. Pincher, who had sat silent while this was being done.

"Yes, sir," replied Old King Brady. "Pardon me, but I always make it a practice to be sure of my ground."

"Quite so. Will you undertake my case?"

"I have yet to hear your case fully stated, Mr. Pincher."

"How? I thought I had fully stated it. There is no more to tell. My client simply wants to recover this girl. That is all."

"But if she is legally married to the Chinaman and refuses to leave him, what can we do?"

"Nothing, in that case, but she won't refuse after I have had five minutes' talk with her."

"What is your client?"

"My client prefers not to be known in the matter."

"Then what you want me to do is to find the girl and give you a chance to interview her?"

"That is it. If you desire a retaining fee——"

Now usually Old King Brady declines to accept money in advance for his work, consequently Harry was somewhat surprised to hear him say that he wanted a retainer.

"A hundred?" inquired Mr. Pincher.

"Do I get any more information to go on?" asked the old detective.

"No more."

"That makes the case a blind one."

"Two hundred, perhaps?"

"Have you reason to believe that this girl is now living in New York?"

"Yes."

"What reason?"

"Letter received by intimate friend so stating."

"Can I see the letter?"

"No. I haven't got it."

"You have seen it, however?"

"Yes."

"The case would be plainer if we could see that letter."

"Can't be had—three hundred?"

"You are a stranger to me, Mr. Pincher. What induced you to single out the Brady Detective Bureau for this work?"

"Their great reputation in Chinese cases."

"Our reputation has reached Covington then?"

"Most assuredly."

"Well. I don't know. We are very busy—the case is a blind one."

"I admit that—four hundred?"

"It is no pleasant task to go nosing about in the Chinese joints. I had about made up my mind not to undertake another Chinese case."

"I should be very sorry if you refused this. Make it five hundred, Mr. Brady, and call it a go."

"Very well. Five hundred let it be."

"Good! And when am I to call for a report?"

"Oh, you can look in and out every day. If you will give me an address I will notify you if I have anything to tell."

"It is altogether uncertain where I shall stay. I prefer to call."

"Very well."

Mr. Pincher now produced another greasy wallet, and from this took out a fat wad of bills.

He took but one from the wad, but this proved to be a \$500 bill.

Old King Brady asked if he wanted a receipt.

Mr. Pincher thought a receipt would be more business-like, and the old detective wrote one out.

"Very good. Good day," said Mr. Pincher, and off he went.

"Well, upon my word, this is a singular coincidence!" exclaimed Young King Brady, as soon as the door had closed upon the little man.

"Very," replied the old detective. "Got that photograph handy, Harry?"

"Sure. It is here in my pocket."

"Let us compare then."

The photograph was produced.

It proved to be an exact duplicate of the picture of the Chinaman, Wing Wang.

The coincidence certainly was an odd one.

While the Bradys are not, strictly speaking, Secret Service men, they still handle a great many cases for the United States Secret Service Bureau.

This is especially true of Chinese cases, for the successful handling of which the Bradys have earned quite a reputation.

Only that afternoon they had received orders from Washington to get after a Chinaman named Wing Wang, who was wanted by the Government for smuggling his countrymen into the United States, as well as for illicit dealings in opium.

Accompanying the order was the photograph in question.

Its resemblance to the picture produced by Mr. Pincher Old King Brady recognized at a glance.

Thus, while they were under orders from the Secret Service Bureau to find the husband, they had now engaged to find the wife for Mr. Pincher, who, according to the Secret Service instructions, was known as the "Red Lady" of Chinatown.

And the Bradys had intended, in any case, to take up the matter that night.

"Why did you make that man give up the five hundred?" asked Harry.

"Why?" replied Old King Brady. "I should think it was plain enough. I wanted to see what sort of stuff the dirty little proposition was made of and how high he was willing to go to get us."

"I believe you could have worked him up to a thousand."

"So do I, Harry, but I found out enough. Of course there is some secret motive in the business."

"That's what I think. The girl is worth money to someone."

"My idea exactly. I am quite interested in the matter, and I particularly want to know more about this man. Get the chief of the Covington police on the wire, please."

Harry went at it while Old King Brady opened his safe and locked up the retainer.

After some trouble Harry announced that he had the official on the wire.

Old King Brady went to the telephone.

"What's the name?" he asked.

"Murdock," replied Harry.

"Hello! Mr. Murdock?"

"Yes, who is talking?" came the answer.

"Old King Brady."

"Oh, how are you, Mr. Brady? Pleased to make your acquaintance, even in this fashion. What can I do for you?"

"I have just had a call from a lawyer of your city, a Mr. Thomas T. Pincher. Do you know the man?"

"I know that there is such a lawyer in this town, yes."

"But you don't know much of him?"

"Nothing further than that he is an idle, drunken bum, office in his hat. No practice. A borrower of quarters, Mr. Brady. You surprise me when you inform me that he is in New York. I don't see how he ever got there, unless he walked or jumped the freights."

"Indeed! He has, however, just retained me on a case to the tune of five hundred, and I have the money. I saw his wad. Didn't get all of it, by any means."

"Someone has evidently staked him. The little man is not without ability. What's the case?"

"To find a Covington girl named Emily Trevanion, who married a Chinaman named Wing Wang some three years ago."

"Don't know her. Never heard the name. Who married them?"

"The Reverend Percy Bilford."

"I know him. He is not in Covington now."

"Then all I can say is, chief, please inquire into the matter to-morrow and let me know the result. I suspect crooked work."

"And you well may. Pincher would stick at nothing if he saw a big stake ahead of him."

"And yet he came to me with a letter of introduction from a prominent Government official in Cincinnati."

"It is a mystery to me how he got it. But I will do as you say, Mr. Brady."

This ended the talk with Covington.

"Something wrong somewhere, Harry," said Old King Brady. "I have an idea that this is likely to prove a very interesting case."

CHAPTER II.

THE BOY WHO WAS HUNG BY THE HANDS.

Chinatown, New York, as is pretty generally known, lies at the lower end of the famous Bowery.

It consists of two principal blocks, the one on Pell street, which is little more than an alley of one long block, from the Bowery to Mott street. And the rear block on Mott street—which is winding, and hence meets Pell street—back to Chatham Square.

Add to this crooked Doyers street, which is only an alley, and you have all there is of Chinatown, New York.

But this does not take in all the Chinese, by any means.

There is "Little China" over on North Sixth street, Williamsburg, and besides this there are Chinese scattered all over the different boroughs of Greater New York.

So to find the so-called Red Lady was not likely to prove an easy task.

Mysterious white women often flit through Chinatown, get up a certain reputation and then vanish.

For all the Bradys could tell, this Red Lady might now be in Boston or San Francisco.

Still, for all that, their reputation with the United States Secret Service Bureau had to be maintained.

The Red Lady must be found.

The Bradys, having finally finished up at the office, went home to supper at the old house on Washington Square, where they have kept bachelors' hall now for a number of years.

They did not find Alice Montgomery there.

Alice has a suite of rooms of her own around on Waverly Place.

But she was not there, either.

The fact was Alice had already begun on the Chinese case—Secret Service end—and was then supposed to be in Chinatown, attending to business.

And Alice is particularly adapted for such work, for the reason that she possesses the rare accomplishment for a white woman of being able to handle the Chinese language.

The daughter of a missionary, born and brought up in China, Alice can both speak and read that difficult tongue, hence her great use in the Chinese detective cases taken up by the Brady Bureau.

The Bradys took their time at their supper.

They were in no hurry, for it was intended to give Alice opportunity to do a stroke of detective business in the early evening and to join her later on.

Thus it was not until after eight o'clock that Old King Brady and Harry started.

Even then they were so little in haste, and the evening being a pleasant one in the Indian summer, that they walked all the way to Chinatown—not such a very great distance, by the way.

Turning into Pell street the Bradys covered about half its length and then ascended to the top floor of one of the low, old buildings, so common on that block.

This one was next door to a high, modern tenement, which swarmed with Chinese.

Here Harry tried the door.

It was locked.

"She is not here yet," he said.

"Perhaps she has been and gone," replied Old King Brady. "Get out your key and open the door."

Now it has often happened that the Bradys have found it convenient to locate in Chinatown for days together.

To make this easier it has been their custom to hire rooms.

On several occasions they had hired this whole floor—there were four rooms—and so frequently had this occurred of late that they had kept the floor under rental, and now it was proposed to put it to use again.

Harry unlocked the door and flashed his electric light about.

"Why, this is singular!" he exclaimed. "She hasn't been here. Everything remains as we left it last."

He knew for a certainty that what he said was so, for

it had been arranged with Alice that in case she went out before the Bradys came that she would leave a card on a certain table, saying where she had gone and when she was likely to return.

There was no card on the table, and Alice never forgets.

As the windows had been long closed and the room was very stuffy, Harry proceeded to open them and air the place.

Old King Brady got a duster and was clearing off the furniture when Harry suddenly gave an exclamation which called him to the window.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Will you be good enough to look up there?" breathed Harry.

He pointed to the rear wall of the next house.

There hung a boy, either desperately clutching a rope or with his hands tied to it.

The other end of the rope passed in under the window sash.

"Great heavens!" murmured the old detective.

It was three full stories down to the courtyard below.

The boy hung motionless, making no sound.

It was pretty dark, but in a way the detectives could make out the upturned face.

He looked to them like a boy badly scared.

"Shall I give him the call?" asked Harry.

"Why, no! It might startle him and make him let go his hold," was the reply.

"I think he is tied there, Governor."

"So do I then."

"Looks as if the Chinks had hung him out of that window by the hands."

"It does, indeed. Let us get on the roof. We will be about on a level with him then. Perhaps I can manage to catch the rope with my hook and draw him over so we can get at him."

"Your ladder hooks, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Good job you have them. Come on."

The scuttle opened from a closet there in that back room, and the Bradys lost no time in ascending to the roof.

Here it was light enough, for the many arc lights in front of the Pell street restaurants make it almost as bright as day around that part of Chinatown in the early evening.

The Bradys hurried to the angle of the building.

They were now about on a line with the boy.

"Hello, there!" called Old King Brady. "Are you tied to that rope, or what?"

"I'm tied!" answered the boy, in a tone which showed the terror he felt. "By Chinamen! For heaven sake, save me, mister!"

At the same instant the window was raised and two Chinamen peered out.

Old King Brady drew his revolver.

The boy yelled for all he was worth, as well he might, for one of the Chinamen at the window was now trying to cut the rope.

This the Bradys saw as they peered around the corner of the building.

On a fire escape platform stood a girl in a red dress with an upraised stick in her hand. She brought it down on the head of the Chinaman with the knife and then darted in the window.

Old King Brady was quick to act.

He fired up at the two Chinamen, who instantly vanished.

Harry expected to see the boy go whirling down into the yard.

But his was a light weight and the strands held, although the rope had been partly severed, as it proved.

"Save me, mister! Oh, save me!" moaned the boy.

"Take the revolver, Harry, and guard the window," said the old detective quickly. "I don't think I hit either of those wretches. They may come again."

An even while talking, Old King Brady was working, and that rapidly.

He produced from one of the many mysterious pockets of the wonderful blue coat a pasteboard case.

Opening this he took out what appeared to be a tangled mass of black twine, very fine and very strong.

It was Old King Brady's remarkable rope-ladder, which he so often finds occasion to use.

But the cord was in anything but a tangle.

The old detective readily shook it out.

To the ends of the perpendicular strands were attached two stout hooks, by which the ladder can be fastened to a window ledge or cornice.

Old King Brady let out enough ladder and threw the thing out against the rope.

That throw was a miss, but when he threw it again the hooks caught, and the old detective pulled, the boy coming forward with the rope.

It was a delicate operation, but the little fellow had sense enough to keep as quiet as possible.

Harry, pocketing the revolver, now leaned forward as far as he dared.

"A little more, Governor! Just a little more and I'll have him!" he exclaimed.

"I'm about at the end of my rope, I'm afraid!" muttered the old detective.

Of course, as the rope was drawn on, it caused the boy to rise higher.

Harry got him by the ankles and held on.

But his hands were tied to the rope in a most peculiar fashion, and who was to cut him free, for if Old King Brady once let go it was good-by to the boy, and the chances were Harry would go over the cornice with him.

"Heavens! What shall we do?" gasped Young King Brady.

"Keep cool! Let me think!" was the reply.

But there was no time given for thought, for at the same instant one of the Chinamen again showed himself at the window.

He held in his hand the dagger he had used before, and with one quick slash he severed the rope.

Fortunately, Harry saw him and was able to brace himself for what followed, but if the boy had been anything but the light weight he was, it would have spelled death to both.

Down went the boy head first, Harry bravely holding on.

Chances are he would have gone with him if Old King Brady had not dropped his ladder, put his foot on it and thrown his arms about his partner.

And all this was done as quick as a wink.

The Chinaman vanished instantly he had used the knife.

No sound came from the boy as Harry drew him in by the legs over the cornice.

He had fainted.

When they laid him down on the roof they thought he might be dead.

"Let us get him downstairs at once," said Old King Brady. "Have we attracted any attention then?"

He looked about, but could not make out that anyone was watching them from the windows which overlooked the roof.

It would scarcely have been so anywhere else in New York.

But the Chinese are peculiar in many things, and one of their greatest peculiarities is the strictness with which they mind their own business.

The Bradys managed to get the boy down the ladder.

They laid him on a lounge, loosened up his clothes and bathed his head with cold water.

This did the business, and in a few minutes he revived.

But it was long before the ghastly look left his face and his voice trembled constantly during the talk which followed.

They did not let him speak at first.

Old King Brady mixed a spoonful of whisky with water and made him drink it.

Then he and Harry sat down quietly and waited until the boy spoke.

"You have saved my life all-right," were his first words.

"Indeed, yes, my boy," replied Old King Brady.

He moved back then and motioned to Harry to do the talking, feeling that the young could do better with the young.

"What did they hang you out that window for?" demanded Harry, bluntly.

"To make me tell something I wouldn't tell," was the reply.

"Are you a lobbygow?"

"I don't know what you mean."

The reference was to a class of boys which exist in Chinatown, doing errands for the Chinese women who are never seen on the streets.

These are called in Chinese, "low-gui-gow," or China woman's dog.

It has been corrupted into "lobbygow" by the boys themselves.

"What's your name?" demanded Harry, dropping the subject.

"Charley Trevanion, sir."

The Bradys looked at each other curiously.

Here they were on their Red Lady case, it seemed.

Apparently they could not get away from it whatever turn they made.

"We are detectives," said Harry. "We would like to know more about this business. Those men ought to be arrested for what they did to you. Do you want to go to

the station and make a charge against them if we arrest them."

"No, sir. I don't want to do that. It wouldn't do me any good to have them arrested, and it might do me a whole lot of harm."

"In what way?"

"I want to find my sister."

"Have those Chinamen got your sister?"

"I don't know whether they have or not. I don't think so, but she is married to a Chinaman, and I want to find her. If you are detectives, perhaps you will help me to find her. I'm only a poor boy and can't pay you anything, though, but if I can find my sister I am sure I can pay you later on."

"That's all right," broke in Old King Brady. "We'll help you, my boy. Never mind that money part. Tell us all about your sister and we will see what can be done."

CHAPTER III.

ALICE HAVING BAITED HER HOOK GETS A BITE.

If Alice had gone directly to the rooms she would probably have decided to wait there until the Bradys came before starting on her work.

Now the job which Alice had laid out for herself was rather peculiar.

It was an idea of her own.

The talk that afternoon at the office after the orders came from Washington was how to find the Red Lady.

As for easily putting a finger on Wing Wang, that was not to be thought of.

For if the information furnished by the Secret Service Bureau was to be believed the man was something of a power among his people.

Not only was he well-to-do and engaged in the dangerous but profitable business of smuggling, but he was also head of several secret "tongs" or societies.

The papers stated that he was known as the "tong king."

Thus it was to be assumed that the more tongs Mr. Wing Wang had attached himself to the more secret he was likely to keep.

Indeed the papers expressly stated that he was known to assume various disguises.

Alice's scheme was this:

She reasoned that if the Red Lady was known in Chinatown the quickest way to gain information about her was to personate her and let someone mistake her for the real thing.

The Government had furnished a poor photograph of the woman, much soiled.

Old King Brady had not recognized the picture of Emil Trevanion as in any way resembling it.

Indeed, he was doubtful if it was intended for the same person.

But as Alice had not seen this later photograph she had only the other to go by.

It represented a flashily-dressed young woman, wearing a big cartwheel hat and a heavy automobile veil.

Someone had written, "All red, veil included," over the picture.

Alice accordingly went home and made up after that fashion.

Her stock of dresses is enormous and it was no trouble to do this.

Of course it was useless to attempt to closely copy the face of so poor a photograph, but on this point also she did the best she could.

And thus attired, she got down to Chinatown, with the intention of going to the rooms and waiting for the Bradys, after making the rounds of Chinatown once or twice, for Old King Brady had ordered her not to go inside anywhere, unless into a public restaurant, until either he or Harry were on hand to shadow her.

Now Alice had baited her hook with red, and as it happened she caught a fish far sooner than she had expected.

For she had not gone ten yards along Pell street when a young Chinaman, in American dress, fell in alongside of her.

"Why, Em," he said in good English, "how dared you come out? What would Wang say?"

Here was a man probably well acquainted with the Red Lady.

The prompt mention of the name Wang was guarantee enough for that.

Alice hardly knew what to do.

"I don't care what Wang says," she replied in her natural voice.

It seemed to go all right.

"You run a great risk," said the man. "If Wang knew he might even kill you."

"I tell you again, I don't care what Wang says nor what he knows."

They walked on.

It was hopeless to try to keep up the deception for any length of time.

Alice realized that.

She resolved to make a bold bluff and abide by the result.

So she astonished the sporty Chink by saying in his own language:

"Who do you take me for, anyhow?"

The face of the man fully showed his amazement.

"You speak Chinese like that?" he asked.

"I can speak as good Chinese as you can."

"So you can. Come to the Tuxedo and have supper with me."

"I don't mind."

Here was a man who assuredly knew the people the Bradys were out after.

Alice was determined not to let the opportunity slip.

With the silence of his race the Chinaman said no more until they were seated at an out-of-the-way table in the famous Tuxedo restaurant and the chop suey had been ordered.

Of course Alice put back her veil when they sat down. She watched the result with all curiosity.

It was not what she expected.

If Alice was able to read the Chinaman's face correctly, then he still took her for the Red Lady.

And his next words proved it.

"You have been fooling me, Em. You could speak Chinese right along."

"Now look here, my name is not Em, and I don't know you at all," said Alice.

The Chink gave a start.

"Do you mean to tell me you are not Mrs. Wing Wang?" he demanded.

"I mean to tell you just that. My name is Susie Price. What's yours?"

"Oh!"

"Telling your name?"

"Oh, yes! Joe Ling. I took you for a friend of mine. It is wonderful how much you look like her. She always dressed in red, too."

"Is she so much of a friend?"

"Well, no, she is not, either, since you ask me that way. We can be friends all right, though."

"Oh, I guess so! Let's eat our supper first and then we will see."

It was a great discovery Joe Ling had made.

A white woman who could talk perfect Chinese. He could not understand it yet, but he was captivated by Alice's beauty and quite willing to be instructed.

And by one way and another she led him on until at last she knew she had scored a most important point.

While Joe Ling admired Mrs. Wing Wang greatly he had a deep-seated hatred of her husband.

Alice was sure of it—she read it in half a dozen ways.

He asked her at an early stage of the game how she learned to speak Chinese as she did.

Alice gave it back to him that she was an orphan, who had been adopted in infancy by a rich Chinaman in San Francisco as a companion for his daughter, and the story seemed to go.

And now Joe Ling let it be known that he was a crook and willing to do anything for money.

Alice responded by telling him it was just the same with her. She added that she had just come up from New Orleans, where she was wanted by the police.

Now it took time to reach this stage of the game, and Joe Ling appeared to have completely dropped the subject of the Red Lady and Wing Wang, the tong king.

But he came back to it now.

"Susie," he said, familiarly, "let's talk English now. I've got something I want to say that these fellows must not catch on to."

"Go ahead," replied Alice in English, in which language the remark was made.

"How much money have you got?"

"Not much."

"What brought you down to Chinatown to-night?"

"I wanted to see it. I never was in New York before. I'm not afraid of you Chinks."

Joe Ling laughed.

"I believe you," he said. "I don't believe you are afraid of anybody. Where are you stopping?"

"Find out. Will you come to the point?"

"The point is, do you want to make a good stake to-night—say, a hundred?"

"Sure thing! How can it be done?"

"I took you for the white wife of Wing Wang."

"Yes."

"Now tell me honest, do you know Wing Wang, for he

is a man who is known in every Chinese colony in America?"

"No; I honestly don't know him."

"Then let me tell you that your resemblance to his wife is really remarkable, even to your dress, for it is a notion of hers always to dress in red. She used to travel with Wing Wang everywhere and was allowed to go about freely until he got jealous of me. Then he locked her up somewhere here in Chinatown and did his traveling alone."

"Is he in New York now?" demanded Alice, seeing her way clear to put the all-important question.

"Yes, he is. Look here, Susie, I want to marry that woman. If you will help me—and you can—I will give you a hundred dollars."

"But how can you marry her when she is married already?"

"I can make Wing Wang so jealous that he will get a divorce. I hate him. He is the head of one secret tong and I'm the head of another—see?"

"Highbinders? On Leong?"

"No, no! Neither of those. Both are dead secret and no white woman—indeed no white man—ever heard of them. Will you help me to do this?"

"When?"

"Now—to-night."

"What risk do I run?"

"No risk at all."

"But what do I have to do?"

"Just to show yourself in a certain place for one second with your veil down."

"And I get a hundred dollars for just doing that?"

"Yes, and perhaps more."

Alice was puzzled to know how to act.

It would be breaking orders to listen to this proposition, but then it would not be the first time, and Old King Brady never said much when she did it.

Moreover, she would be able to locate Wing Wang by so doing.

Let it be understood that as yet Alice did not know that the Bradys were out for the Red Lady.

On the spur of the moment she decided to take up with Joe Ling's proposition, and she told him as much.

Alice expected now that the Chinaman would go into more detail about the matter, but instead of that he shut up like a clam.

"All right," he said. "We will sure win. Now to show you that I am in earnest, I'm going to give you half down."

He pulled out a big roll of bills and handed Alice fifty dollars.

They then drank a small coffee and Joe Ling got up and told Alice to follow him.

It was dangerous business, and the brave girl knew it.

Could she have foreseen what the immediate result was to be, she never would have gone.

Joe Ling led her around on Mott street.

"Now I must leave you for a few minutes," he said. "Keep your veil down and don't speak to anybody. I'll be back just as quick as I can."

She saw him enter an old tenement on the lower side.

No one spoke to her nor paid any attention to her.

Alice had half a mind to slip around on to Pell street, in the hope of meeting Old King Brady and Harry, but she felt that to be found missing from the block might spoil all.

It was well that she did not go, for Joe Ling was back in no time.

"It is all right," he said. "Come on."

They entered the house by the basement way and passed through to the rear room.

Here an old Chinaman sat solemnly smoking a long bamboo tobacco pipe.

Alice judged that there must be opium mixed with the tobacco, by the smell.

He nodded to her familiarly and, touching a spring, opened a secret door in the side wall next to the chimney.

Joe Ling led on down a narrow staircase and they came into a sort of round hallway, from which four doors opened off.

Joe Ling unlocked one of these doors and ushered Alice into a room, quite elegantly furnished in the Chinese style.

There was a bamboo couch against the wall on one side with red curtains draped around it.

Beside the couch was an opium lay-out on a low stool.

"Now then," said Joe Ling in Chinese, "what you want to do is to lie down on that couch and pretend to be asleep."

"To make Wing Wang think I have been hitting the pipe?" inquired Alice.

"Never mind. Ask no questions and you will not be responsible for anything which may happen, but in case anything should happen to me, I warn you that you will be in great danger. If you want to back out, now is your time, for I must say I admire your pluck and I don't want to see you come to any harm."

"I'm not backing out," replied Alice, decidedly. "Go ahead and finish your job."

"I'll finish my instructions first," said the Chinaman. "Look here."

He pushed aside the curtain and leaned over the couch.

"Touch this spring, and a panel as long as the couch itself will open behind you," he explained.

He touched the spring as he spoke and the panel was revealed.

"Now all you have to do is just to roll through and push the panel back," Joe Ling went on to say. "You will drop on a mattress, and then it is up to you to get through the secret passages, which will take you out on to Pell street, which you will do as quick as you can. I'll give you the password."

It was in Chinese, and a word the meaning of which Alice did not understand, nor did she ask.

"I'm going now," said Joe Ling. "Remember, this is absolutely all you have to do. Whatever happens, trust me and keep your mouth tight shut."

Alice then lay down on the couch and Joe Ling, having arranged the curtain to suit himself, told her how to arrange her red veil, which was so as to partially show her face, and then departed, leaving the door open behind him.

And Alice lay there, wondering what was to come of all these peculiar preparations.

—She was soon to learn that the end of the whole singular business was to be very different from that anticipated by Joe Ling.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLEY TREVANION'S STORY.

The supper at the Tuxedo had taken up so much time that it was just when Old King Brady and Harry rescued the boy, Charley Trevanion, that Joe Ling left Alice alone in the secret room.

Old King Brady now undertook the questioning of the boy.

But before doing so he resolved to take the lad into his full confidence, for he felt that he was likely to prove an important ally.

So the first thing he did was to produce the picture of Mrs. Wing Wang.

"Know that lady?" he asked.

"My sister!" cried Charley, and he shed tears.

"As I thought, my boy," replied Old King Brady, adding:

"And now before we proceed any further, let me tell you that we detectives have been hired to find your sister. The man who hired us is a lawyer named Pincher from Covington, Ky. Do you know him?"

"No, sir. I never heard of him," replied Charley. "I live in Covington, too, but then it is a large city, you know."

"Yes, I know. Can you imagine why this lawyer wants to find her?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I'll explain all that. He probably thinks he can make a big fee out of Emily. You see, Mr. Brady, she is heir to a big estate which was left her a few weeks ago by our uncle, Judge Thomas Trevanion."

"Ha! So? Now we begin to understand. How much?"

"Oh, I don't know, sir, but it is more than a million."

"And you come in for your share?"

"No, sir. The will was made a great many years ago, before I was born. My uncle was an old bachelor. He has left everything to Emily, who was a great favorite of his when she was a little girl."

"And your father and mother?"

"They are both dead, sir. After my sister ran away and married this Chinaman, everything went wrong. First my father died. He scarcely ever spoke after Emily left home. My mother said his heart was broken and I guess it was. She died three weeks after he did."

"And who was left of the family besides yourself and your sister?"

"There was no one but just us two, sir. My father left no money and my uncle would not do a thing for me. I have had a real hard time of it, Mr. Brady."

"I can imagine so, my boy. But now to come down to date. What started you out to find your sister? Was it this fortune?"

"No, sir. When I heard about my uncle having left her all this money I did not know where Emily was. We had never heard one word from her after she left us, but

the other day I got a letter from her, which I am going to show you. That is what made me come to New York."

"I want to see that letter, Charley. But tell me, when did you get here?"

"Only to-day, sir. I had a right hard time of it."

"I should judge so. From the looks of your clothes, I should imagine that you had been jumping freight trains."

"That's just what I had to do, sir. I had no money. I could never have got here in any other way. But please read the letter before you ask me any more questions, Mr. Brady. Then you will understand."

Charley had taken the letter from his pocket by this time, and Old King Brady now took it and read aloud as follows:

"New York, Nov. —, —."

"Dear Charley:

"I am addressing this to the old home and I don't know whether it will ever reach you or not, for I know that papa and mamma are both dead. Perhaps you have gone away from there long ago.

"Charley, I am in great trouble. My husband, who used to treat me well enough, has lately become greatly changed. The fact is, Charley, he has grown very jealous of me, and that without the least cause. He now keeps me locked in a room underground and I am never allowed to see anybody. I have come to hate him, so that I can hardly bear the sight of him. If this state of things keeps up much longer, I believe I shall surely go mad.

"I said I never saw anybody; that is not quite true. I see my husband, of course, and there is also a woman, who looks after me. It is she who has promised to mail this letter. Whether she will keep her word or not, I can't tell, but if she does, I beg and implore you to try to do something to rescue me.

"A Chinaman named High Dock, who lives on the fourth floor of No. — Pell street, must know where I am. He always pretended to be my friend, too.

"As for myself, Charley, I don't know where I am, for I was under the influence of a drug when I was brought into this place. Perhaps if you was to show this letter to Uncle Thomas he might help you, but, of course, I don't know how he took my marriage.

"Charley, I can't write any more, and I had so much I wanted to say to you, too; but all I shall say is, dear brother, help me if you can. I am sure they keep me drugged most of the time. I have grown terribly weak and I am very wretched. So once more I ask you, Charley, to help your unfortunate but ever-loving sister,

"EMILY."

"A pitiful letter," said Harry. "Why will these white girls persist in marrying Chinamen?"

"Why, indeed," replied Old King Brady.

"She killed father and mother all right," said Charley. "Still she is my sister and I would have tried to help her, anyway."

"And knowing what you knew about your uncle's will you were all the more anxious?" added Old King Brady.

"That's it. So I started, and I got here. I went to that house and inquired for High Dock. I found a couple

of Chinamen in the room I was directed to. They both acted queer and I think they were half drunk or something. One of them said he was High Dock, and he began asking me all sorts of questions about my uncle. He seemed to know he was dead and to know that he had left a lot of money, and he wanted to know about his will. I was so scared at his manner—he wouldn't tell me a thing about Emily—that I started to get out. Then they both set on me, and when I wouldn't tell them who my uncle left the money to they tied my hands and hung me out of the window. Mr. Brady, it was dreadful! I don't know how I ever stood it. I thought I was a goner, sure."

And this was Charley Trevanion's remarkable story.

Old King Brady now put the question that he had been waiting for a chance to put.

"Who is your uncle's heir in case your sister was dead when he died?" he asked.

But Charley did not know this.

He had never seen the will; he had never talked with anyone who had seen it.

All he knew was that it had been in all the papers when Judge Trevanion died that he had left over a million, and that it all went to his niece, Emily Trevanion, who had run away and married a Chinaman three years before.

By this time Charley had pretty well recovered from his fright—it does not take a boy of his age long to get over such things.

The Bradys drew aside to consult.

"This is all very important," remarked Old King Brady, "and now we can understand what it is all about."

"But who is behind Pincher?" questioned Harry.

"Somebody who is able to exercise a pull on the Secret Service Bureau, that is certain," replied the old detective.

"So it seemed to me. If we only knew."

"The recommendation from the Cincinnati commissioner, slight as it is, proves it. This point has to be determined; also who is the next heir after this girl."

"If Alice would only come. I am beginning to feel anxious about her."

"It is certainly singular that she does not come, but we cannot wait idle on that account. I think we better leave the boy here and look into this High Dock matter. We can arrest that pair. Perhaps some clew may be obtained in that way."

"And what if the boy takes to his heels while we are gone?"

"He won't do that unless he is a fraud, and in that case we don't want him."

"He can hardly be that."

"Next to impossible, I should say, unless he is acting as a tool for somebody. I——"

At this instant there came a low knock on the door.

"Answer, Harry. You are disguised," said the old detective. "I'll keep back."

Harry had been making some changes in his appearance while Old King Brady read the letter and talked with Charley.

This that he might be ready to jump in and help Alice if she appeared suddenly.

He went to the door and opened it slightly.

"Oh! I—er—pardon me! I imagine I've got into

the wrong shop!" Old King Brady heard a familiar voice say.

It was the voice of Mr. Thomas Tuppet Pincher!

There stood the little Covington lawyer, who had evidently been imbibing freely since his call on the Bradys.

Mr. Pincher was drunker in his legs than he was in his speech.

"Pardon me," he said again, waving his hand. "Case of wrong pew. Good evening—sir!"

He pulled away and, steadying himself by clutching the bannisters, started downstairs.

"Pincher!" breathed Old King Brady, as Harry closed the door.

"That's what! Pincher—very much off!"

"Shadow," said the old detective by a secret sign, of which the Bradys have a regular code.

"Stick to the job!" he added aloud. "It seems a good chance to find out something definite."

Harry was gone like a flash.

Old King Brady went to the window and looked up at the window of High Dock's room, from which a bit of the rope still dangled.

"Charley," he said, "I am going after High Dock. Perhaps I shall arrest him. Stay here until I return."

Charley assented, and Old King Brady now left.

He had no sooner gone than the boy got up and went to the window.

A restless fit was upon him, and no wonder. He was worried lest Old King Brady should get into trouble with those two Chinamen on his account.

He raised the sash and peered out.

There had been a light burning in the room all along—Old King Brady knew that before he started out.

Charley could not get any view into the window, however.

It was decidedly warm, and he stood there by the open window thinking of what his fate might have been when suddenly a shot rang out.

It startled the boy more than anyone else in Chinatown, apparently.

For Charley was the only person who looked out of a window.

People never do look out of windows in Chinatown when there is shooting going on.

"Could the sound have come from High Dock's room?" Charley asked himself.

He could hear someone shouting in Chinese.

Then suddenly there was a crash of glass.

This came from High Dock's window all right.

Half the sash went whirling down in fragments into the courtyard below.

And at the same instant Charley caught a glimpse of the brim of a white hat projecting through the break.

It was Old King Brady's hat!

From the way it came and vanished it was evident that the old detective was having trouble with someone.

"What if they down him?" thought Charley.

He waited.

Nothing further happened.

He craned his neck, but could not get far enough out of the window to obtain any view of the interior of the Chinaman's room.

And still he waited.

Fifteen minutes had now elapsed—then it was half an hour.

"That old man has got himself into trouble, surest thing," thought Charley. "He helped me, I must help him. I am going up there to see."

CHAPTER V.

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE BOWERY.

It is slow work shadowing a drunken man.

Mr. Thomas Tuppet Pincher was certainly good and full, and it was particularly slow work shadowing him.

For when he got down on the street the little man drew himself up with an air of great dignity and walked so slowly that it almost seemed as if he was making no headway at all.

He was trying to find a number, and he three times consulted a little memorandum book.

Each time he would put on a pair of eyeglasses and study the book. Then, removing the eyeglasses, he studied the numbers on the houses.

Nobody paid the slightest attention to him.

Nobody ever does pay any attention in Chinatown, except the slummers, who stare at everybody.

Twice Mr. Pincher made a feint of entering a doorway, but each time he pulled back.

At last he seemed to give it up in despair, and he leaned back against a house and stood there staring, helplessly.

It seemed to Harry a good time to butt in, so he approached and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but you seem to be looking for somebody you don't find. I know Chinatown pretty well. Possibly I can help you."

Pincher put on his eyeglasses and stared.

"Who are you?" he demanded, thickly.

"Just happened to notice you," replied Harry. "You needn't be afraid of me. Who is it you want to find?"

"None of your business!"

"Oh, if you put it that way——"

"That's the way I put it! None of your business—none of your blame business—see?"

"All right, boss. I beg your pardon. No offence, I hope?"

"But that is offence. You are a confidence man—that's what you are."

"Oh, no, I'm not!"

"Yes, you are. I'm dead on to your kind."

He pulled out a dirty pocket handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

As he did so a bunch of greenbacks came out with it and fell on the pavement.

Harry stooped and picked the money up.

"If I was a confidence man I wouldn't be giving you this now," he said, extending the money.

There were tens and fives and ones in the bunch, as much as fifty or sixty dollars, Harry thought.

"What's that?" demanded the little lawyer, putting his hands behind him and evidently suspecting some trick.

"Money you dropped," replied Harry.

"I dropped?"

"Yes."

"Young man, I never drop any money. I—er—have none to drop. I—er—dropped all mine years ago."

"All the same you dropped this. I saw you do it."

Pincher brought his hands around in front.

"By jove, you are right!" he exclaimed. "I remember now that I did have money. The occurrence is so unusual that I temporarily forgot it."

His hand closed on the bills.

He fumbled in other pockets.

"Yes, yes," he said. "I—er—you are right. The money is mine. Got into the wrong pocket. Thank you. I suppose you are looking for a reward?"

He slowly separated the bills and then handed a five to Harry, who declined to receive it.

"If I was what you just accused me of being," he said, "you never would have got your money back."

"Well, that's so. I—er—I owe you an apology. Won't you take five?"

"No, sir."

"Make it ten. I'm—er—I'm flush to-night. Occurrence is so unusual that I—er—I temporarily forgot."

"No, no! I don't want your money."

"Come and have a drink then. That is, have a drink yourself. I—er—I don't drink."

"When you've had enough," replied Harry. "You're a wise man. If all were like you then there would be no drunkards in the world."

Mr. Pincher, who had put the money away in his inside coat pocket, drew himself up with great dignity.

"Do—er—do you mean to accuse me of being drunk?" he demanded.

"Not by any means," replied Harry. "All I meant was that you may have had one or two and know when you have had enough."

The little lawyer immediately shifted his position.

"You're all right," he said. "You're a gentleman. I'm—er—I'm another. You speak the truth. I—er—I have had one or two. In fact, I've had three or four."

Putting his hand alongside his mouth, he added in a confidential whisper:

"To be strictly accurate, I've had five or six and I don't want any more."

"Come on," said Harry. "Let's get around on the Bowery. We are attracting attention here."

"And why, may I—er—may I ask?" replied Mr. Pincher. "Why should I go with you, whose—whose name even I don't know. True you found my money, and for that you have my gratitude, since you won't accept any other reward, but that is no reason why I should travel with a stranger."

"He does not recognize me, that's one good thing," thought Young King Brady.

He handed the lawyer a card, reading: "Mr. Henry McPherson."

Pincher put on his glasses and read the name aloud.

"McPherson. That's Scotch!" he said. "My name is Pincher. T. T. Pincher. Mr. McPherson, I am pleased to have—er—to have met you. Do you know I think we will go back to the Bowery, unless you can help me out here."

By a long, roundabout road, Mr. Pincher had come just where Young King Brady wanted to get him.

"Why certainly!" said Harry. "Only too pleased to help you. Now tell me what I can do. Are you looking for some Chinaman?"

"For a Chinaman! No, sir! No, sir! Why on earth should I be looking for a Chinaman?"

"But they are all Chinaman around here."

"Wait!" said Mr. Pincher.

Out came the greasy wallet. Out of the wallet came a sealed letter.

"Read that address, sir," said the lawyer, "and you will see who I am—er—after. If you can steer me to his place of abode I shall be—er—be under obligations. Further obligations, I may say."

The address read: "Chuck Mullins, No. — Bayard street, New York."

It was the name of one of the most notorious strong-arm men of the Bowery section—a man well known to the Bradys, and who knew them in turn.

"Well! Chuck!" thought Harry. "He won't go back on me!"

"Why I know that party!" he added aloud. "You've got the wrong street!"

"Have, eh? I kind of thought so. You see this man's—er—personal appearance has been—er—has been described to me by the writer of that letter. He has red hair, sir—the man, I mean—not the writer. Just now I knocked at a door, which I thought might be the right door. Proved to be the wrong door, because man had brown hair. I pulled away, sir. Pulled right away. Can you blame me? I think not."

"Certainly not," replied Harry, with a light laugh. "You did all right. I can steer you to Chuck Mullins' if you want me to; only say the word."

"Well, do it, then," assented Pincher, and after that he gave up and took Young King Brady's arm.

He appeared to be more wobbly in his legs than ever after he got hold of it and stopped trying to take care of himself.

So Harry steered the little lawyer around to the number on Bayard street, which proved to be the same as the house on Pell street in which the Bradys had their rooms—hence the mistake.

But Chuck Mullins was not in, nor did Harry suppose he would be.

Pincher seemed immensely disappointed.

"I really don't know what to do," he said. "I—er—I am very tired. I ought to be in bed. If I could get a little sleep I should—er—I should feel better. Really, I don't know what to do."

"Where are you stopping?" asked Harry.

It appeared that the lawyer had left a grip at the Occidental Hotel, corner of the Bowery and Broome street, although he had not engaged a room there.

It also appeared that he had only struck New York a short time before he turned up at the Bradys' office.

Harry proposed that they go to the hotel, get a room and that while Pincher lay down for a nap, he would undertake to find Chuck Mullins if he was to be found.

After some further long-winded talk this was agreed to, and Harry left the little man on the bed.

He tried to make him give up the letter to the strong-arm man, but this was refused.

Harry now pulled out and left the lawyer to himself.

"He'll be sober if he can get an hour's sleep," he said to himself.

He hurried back to the rooms.

The door was unlocked and there was nobody in.

It puzzled Harry not a little, and worried him, too.

He could not understand why the door should not be locked if Old King Brady had taken the boy away.

He waited a few minutes and then, locking the door, started off.

He wanted to see this Chuck Mullins' business through.

But where to find the strong-arm man?

Harry had not the least idea where to look for him, nor even if he was in town, but one thing he did know, and that was that it would be useless to look for Mullins in saloons, for this particular crook made it a boast that he always rode on the water-wagon.

To Young King Brady it seemed that his best chance would be to look up the wardman of that precinct, and at last he found him on the Bowery and made himself known.

"Chuck's around to-night, Harry," said the wardman. "I seen him about half an hour ago, going into Jim Lavelle's. Perhaps he's there now."

"What! He isn't drinking, is he?" demanded Young King Brady.

"Not at all. Chuck never touches the suds, but he had a feller in tow what looked as if he might have been hitting it up heavy. If you don't care to show yourself in Jim's in your disguise, I'll go in for you."

"I wish you would," replied Harry. "Not that I mind showing myself, but I want to say a few words to Chuck alone and I'd just as soon not have anyone trailing after us."

"I'll fix that," said the wardman, and away he went.

He was successful, too.

Inside of a few minutes he returned with Chuck Mullins.

Thanking the wardman, Harry got away with Chuck and they started up the Bowery.

"What's in the wind?" demanded the strong-arm man, puzzled probably to know why he had been sought.

"We've got a Chinese case on hand, Chuck, in which you can help us a lot," replied Harry. "Can we count on you?"

"Sure thing, Brady!" was the prompt reply.

"But it may interfere with your own business."

"How? Haven't any business on hand just now, so I don't see how it can."

"There is a lawyer here in town from Covington, Ky.; he's got a letter of introduction to you."

"Well! Is that so? From me brother, most likely. He lives out dere."

"Same business, Chuck?"

"As meself? He's a dead game sport, if dat's it. Who's his nibs?"

"Name of Pincher."

"I tought so."

"You've had a letter from your brother?"

"Well, to be honest, I have. But it don't go if you don't want it to go, even if he is my brother."

"I'll be frank with you, Chuck. We are after a white woman who is married to a Chink."

"Wouldn't you have come near hitting de bull's-eye if you had said a red woman?"

"You know her all right, Chuck. She's the party."

"De Red Loidy of Chinatown. She's Wing Wang's wife."

"Exactly. Where can she be found?"

"You can search me, Brady. Hain't seen her in months. Dey say she's dead, and dat Wang killed her."

They were just crossing Hester street. A man, wearing a shabby military cloak and a slouch hat, was coming towards them.

Raising his head he looked hard at Chuck, who stopped short, with an exclamation which would not look well in print.

Instantly the man whipped out a revolver and fired point blank at Chuck Mullins, then taking to his heels.

"Gee! I'm a goner!" gasped the strong-arm man, clapping his hand to his left side.

His legs doubled beneath him and he sank in a heap at Young King Brady's feet.

CHAPTER VI.

ALICE HITS THE LODGE OF THE SECRET TONG.

Alice lay there behind the red curtains, wondering what was going to happen next.

For half an hour nothing happened.

All was as still as death there in that underground room.

It was beginning to grow decidedly monotonous when footsteps were heard descending the secret stairs.

It was evidently a Chinaman who was coming, for the footfalls were those of slippered feet.

Alice raised her hand to the secret spring.

She was taking no chances.

Of course she had long ago drawn the conclusion that the expected one could be none other than Wing Wang, the tong king; what was going to happen after he saw, as he was expected to suppose, his wife lying there in the bunk with the opium lay-out alongside of her?

And Wing Wang came, and Wing Wang saw!

He gave one sharp exclamation and made a dart into the room.

Instantly, Joe Ling appeared behind him with a huge revolver, which he discharged.

The shot was a miss!

Such lightning quickness as Wing Wang displayed, Alice had never seen.

He drew, he turned, he fired, and that before Joe Ling seemed able to get in a second shot.

No miss this time!

Joe Ling dropped with a sharp cry.

And Alice dropped, too, for she saw that the game had gone the wrong way.

Pressing the secret spring the panel opened, and Alice rolled through the opening, landing on a mattress about two feet down, as the panel fell back into place.

She raised her hand and gave the boards a push.

The secret spring clicked.

For the moment she was safe.

Alice scrambled up and worked her flashlight.

There were two bolts on the inside of the panel,* one at each end, and these she shot.

None too soon, either.

Wing Wang was already pounding upon the panel.

Clearly he did not know about the secret spring.

Alice was not waiting for him to gain the information.

She was now in a short, narrow passage, with a door at one end.

Hurrying forward and, finding the door unfastened, she passed through and bolted it on the other side.

She was now in a room, which was evidently a fantan joint, and unoccupied.

There were bolts on the door on her side, and she hastened to shoot them.

Feeling reasonably secure for the moment, Alice proceeded to make a change, for which she was provided with every facility.

Alice was now attired in sober black and, after making a few changes with her face, she looked like anybody but the Red Lady of Chinatown.

And all this time not a sound had been heard.

Alice now determined to follow Joe Ling's advice and get out on to Pell street through the secret passages, if such a thing was possible.

That the Chinaman's scheme had been to arouse Wing Wang's jealousy by sending him word that his wife was in that room and then to murder him, she had not the least doubt.

Most effectually had the tables been turned.

There was another door to the fantan room, which was locked, but Alice managed to get it open with her skeleton keys.

A winding passage lay beyond.

This brought her into a room in which were many boxes and small bales.

Alice saw that some of the bales held opium.

There were also many clothes hanging from pegs, some of which were women's clothes, and among them were the dresses and bonnets of Sisters of Charity.

That they were disguises used for smuggling in Chinatown was apparent at a glance.

And now Alice found herself up against trouble.

There was another door here, but it opened into a small room containing many chairs, with Chinese scrolls hanging against the walls.

It looked like the meeting room of some secret tong, probably one of those which Wing Wang was at the head.

From this room there was no apparent way of getting out, except to return by the road Alice had already traveled, and it was the same with the storeroom.

And yet Joe Ling had positively asserted that there was a way out on to Pell street.

Puzzled to know what she ought to do, Alice was prowling about when certain sounds behind two big boxes, piled one upon another, warned her that she was not likely to be alone long.

Something had to be done.

There was an empty packing case close beside her, and Alice, turning it around so that the open part was against the wall, crouched down within it.

She was none too soon, either.

Suddenly a light flashed and she heard footsteps.

Peering through a knothole in her box she saw two Chinamen emerging from behind the packing-boxes, which evidently formed the secret door.

One carried a lantern, which he flashed into the meeting room.

"Nobody here yet," he said in Chinese. "So much the better. That gives us a chance to talk."

"Well, and what do you want to talk to me about?" demanded the other, rather gruffly.

"That's all right; just wait till you hear," was the reply. "Know the Red Lady?"

"Wing Wang's wife?"

"Yes."

"Of course. Has he killed her?"

"I hope not, for I want to use her."

"Use her—how use her?"

"To make money with, and I want you to help me, for I am satisfied that you know where she is hidden."

"I? No."

"You—yes."

"Who told you?"

"Never mind. You know."

"You are all wrong, High Dock."

"No, I'm not. You know. Wing Wang is your friend and you don't want to go back on him. That's all right, but I'll show you how it's going to pay you to go back on him. There's big money in it."

"Talk quick. Some of them may be coming into the meeting. If Wing Wang comes, then what can I do?"

"So you are interested?"

"Why not?"

"You want to make money?"

"I want to know how much I can make."

"Of course. I can't tell you, for I don't know. But I'll tell you this, the Red Lady's uncle is dead and he has left her over a million, they say."

"Out in Covington?"

"Yes."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I was tipped off by a good friend of mine in Cincinnati."

"Chinaman?"

"Yes; he works in a bank. He's away up. He is court interpreter, too. He has a big pull."

"Well?"

"Say, the Red Lady must hate Wing Wang now. Joe Ling says so, anyhow. He's trying to get her, but I don't think he knows anything about this fortune."

"Will you hurry up, High Dock? Someone will come, sure. What do you want me to do?"

"To help me to rescue the Red Lady. Then you and I will hide her somewhere and go in for this money. If we treat her right she will do anything we say. We'll engage lawyers, and there's no reason why we shouldn't win. When she gets the money we will divide up."

"It sounds all right, but who gets this fortune in case she never turns up?"

"Her brother, I suppose. He came to New York to find her. He came to me. She wrote him a letter and told him to. I tried to make him tell me all about this money business. He wouldn't. I thought I'd get rid of him, anyway, so I hung him by the hands out the win-

dow. I was going to cut him loose and let him drop down and kill himself."

"That was crazy man's work. Suppose you were seen?"

"You speak true. I had been hitting the hop. I was seen. It didn't work. He was cut down and pulled over on to the roof of that low house next door. Who do you suppose did the job?"

"How should I know?"

"Old King Brady."

"Oh! That's bad!"

"How bad?"

"You have been up against him before. He's got it in for you."

"He'll do me no harm now."

"Why?"

"No matter. I don't tell my business to everyone."

"Have you killed him?"

"Perhaps. I don't know whether or not we are to be partners in this deal yet."

"I am willing."

"Good!"

"But if you have killed Old King Brady you can't stay in New York."

"I didn't say I had killed him. I don't intend to stay in New York. We will take the Red Lady and go to Cincinnati. We can hide her there just as well as here."

"Do you think Wing Wang knows about this?"

"I am sure he does not."

"We shall have to kill him before we can go ahead."

"That I will do if he comes to Cincinnati and makes me trouble. But we have talked enough. Now you understand it all. Will you tell me where the Red Lady is?"

"No, but I'll take you there after the meeting."

"Why not tell?"

"I—hush! Someone coming. We must get into the lodge."

They passed into the other room and began lighting lamps.

The boxes were pushed aside and three Chinamen entered.

Others soon followed.

As many as fifteen gathered.

Alice, from her hiding place, could hear much of their talk.

Evidently they were expecting Wing Wang, who had not yet put in an appearance.

They waited nearly an hour and then gave it up.

The door of the tong room was now closed.

Alice's hope had been that all would go inside when this was done.

She had no such good luck.

There was an outside guardian to that tong lodge, it seemed, just as there is to white secret society lodges.

And this guardian proved to be High Dock.

Alice's situation was now even more dangerous.

While there had been so much talk going on she had little fear of discovery.

But now that it was silent the slightest move was liable to betray her, and her plan for slipping through the secret door behind the packing-cases fell flat.

"And what did all this talk about Old King Brady mean?" she asked herself.

Was it idle boast or was it fact?

That she was most terribly worried need scarcely be said.

True, by the course she had taken, she had gained what seemed to her important information, and yet she sincerely regretted that she had not obeyed orders, for it seemed to her that if she had gone to the rooms, the result might have been different.

Time dragged slowly.

A few straggled in and, giving the password, were admitted into the lodge room by High Dock.

After these late ones ceased to come, all was silent for a long time, until suddenly the silence was broken by a clash of swords, as it seemed to Alice, accompanied by loud shouts.

Then a solemn-toned bell rang three times.

A moment later and the door was opened from within.

"Brother of the outer door, the burial of the sacrifice is now to take place," said the Chink who appeared. "You are invited to enter and participate in the ceremonies."

And to Alice's immense relief, High Dock passed into the room, the door being closed behind him.

Now was Alice's chance.

She would have liked to wait and make the attempt to follow High Dock and the man who was to betray the tong king's secrets to the hiding place of the Red Lady.

But this involved a lot of risk.

As tiler of the lodge—or whatever his office was called—it seemed probable enough that High Dock would be the last to leave the place.

On the other hand, as it is well known that the Chinese do everything just the reverse from everybody else, it was just as likely that they would go out first, in which case there would be nothing doing in the shadowing line.

So Alice determined to take advantage of the opportunity of the moment and make her escape.

She crept out and easily managed to work the secret door behind the boxes.

Behind that rose a steep, narrow flight of stairs.

Working her flashlight, Alice hurried on up these stairs, but it was only to be rudely jarred when she came in sight of the top.

For there stood a Chinaman in ancient armor, such as one sees in the Chinese theatre.

He held a drawn sword in his hand and faced the stairs.

Upon his breast hung a scroll, and on it was written in Chinese:

"Attempt not to advance without giving the secret pass."

Fortunately Alice remembered the word given her by Joe Ling, and she immediately pronounced it.

The giant in armor neither moved nor replied.

CHAPTER VII.

OLD KING BRADY BAGGED.

When Charley Trevanion got into the next house he started up the stairs on the run.

The fact was the boy felt his courage oozing away.

It seemed like running a dreadful risk to return to the

room where his former visit had so nearly cost him his life.

Yet the boy could not forget that his life would surely have been lost if Old King Brady had not interfered.

And this was enough to prevent his courage from completely deserting him.

He slowed down on the second flight, and by the time he came up near the door he was walking as noiselessly as a cat.

He now paused to listen and could hear voices on the inside.

Two men were talking in Chinese.

The voice of one of them Charley recognized as that of High Dock.

He was not likely to forget.

But the boy listened for Old King Brady's voice in vain.

He drew away into the shadows in a hurry when he heard them unlocking the door, which happened a minute later.

And this movement revealed to Charley a back stairs. The new tenement was a deep one.

Here a winding flight of stairs descended to the back yard.

Alongside these stairs was a partly-open door.

It led into a closet, where there were little bins in which the tenants kept their coal.

Charley slipped in and waited.

Looking back, he could see High Dock peering out of the door.

Had he been seen?

He thought it very likely, and he stood there all breathless.

But it was not so. The Chinaman had not the least suspicion of his presence.

He drew back and closed the door.

In a few minutes it was opened again, and High Dock and the same man who had been with him when the attack on Charley was made, came out.

Between them they carried a great bag, which appeared to be very heavy.

By the light which burned at the other end of the hall Charley saw enough to convince him that there was some person enclosed in that bag.

And who could it be, but Old King Brady?

Charley's heart sank.

"Oh, why wasn't he satisfied with what he had already done!" he inwardly moaned.

The two Chinamen advanced hurriedly to the back stairs.

They paused long enough for High Dock to send one wary look down into the depths below, and then started to descend.

"They've killed the old man, surest thing!" thought Charley. "It's up to me to see what they do with his body, so I may let the young fellow know. Oh, what a dreadful thing! What a lot of trouble has come out of Em's marrying that wretched Chink!"

Why, of course!

It is ever so!

A foolish or a wicked act reflects upon others as a stone thrown into a still pool reflects upon all the water in that

pool, sending it ahead in rings—ring after ring—and the movement continues long after it becomes too slight to be seen by the human eye.

And so our acts reflect for good or evil upon those around us in this queer world of ours.

But Old King Brady?

He was in the bag all right.

— It came about in this way:

High Dock, it has been shown, knew Old King Brady, but the old detective knew the Chinaman by another name.

When Old King Brady got up to that room he was prepared to find it empty or to run into trouble.

His hand was on his revolver when he knocked on the door.

There was no answer.

The room was empty and the door unfastened.

Old King Brady, after taking a minute to size up the situation, walked in.

"Nobody here, just as I expected," he said to himself.

He walked about for a minute to see if he could find anything which would help his case and, failing in that, started to leave.

He had scarcely reached the door, which he had partially closed, when it was suddenly thrown back and in rushed the two Chinamen.

Then, at the sight of High Dock, Old King Brady knew who he was up against.

Here was a man whom he had put away for opium smuggling only a few years before, and who by rights ought to have been in prison still, why ever it was that he was not.

High Dock held a long knife in his hand and he evidently meant mischief, as he rushed upon the old detective and struck him.

The knife penetrated the blue coat and entered Old King Brady's left arm.

With all his strength the old detective struck the Chink in the face, pushed him away, and then drawing his revolver, fired.

This was the shot Charley heard in the room next door. But it was powder wasted.

The other Chink, who seemed rather afraid to jump in at the start, did so now.

He struck up Old King Brady's arm and the shot flew wild.

High Dock, who was a big, powerful fellow, caught at the revolver, got a grip on it and pulled the weapon away. Then followed a terrible struggle.

Bravely Old King Brady wrestled with the two Chinks. That was the time he was thrown against the window and the glass was broken.

The old detective thought that they meant to throw him out of the window.

With all the strength he could muster he threw them back.

As he did so the other Chinaman tripped him up and he fell heavily, striking his head as he went down.

His wound was bleeding, although it was but slight. The knife was still sticking in the coat sleeve.

The force of the blow on his head rendered the old detective unconscious. Seeing the blood and seeing him

lie there without moving, it was natural enough that the two Chinamen should think him dead.

It was not so.

Old King Brady was by no means badly hurt.

His wound was a mere nothing. As for the rest, he was simply stunned.

But when he came to himself he found, to his dismay, that he had remained unconscious long enough to give his enemies a chance to tie him hand and foot, also to gag him—they took that precaution, it seemed—and to stow him away in a big bag.

The situation was discouraging to the last degree.

Inwardly Old King Brady was furious with himself.

It did seem too much to be downed so completely by these two Chinks.

But here he was, helpless, and there appeared to be no way out of it.

"What will they do with me?" Old King Brady asked himself.

Horrible visions of being buried alive in some underground joint made matters no easier for the old detective.

That was the time when he wished he had been in possession of Alice's remarkable gift and could thus have known the meaning of the talk which was going on about him.

Next it was the moving of the bag.

They picked it up between them and Old King Brady was carried down winding stairs and out into the open.

As he figured it out they passed through a fence on the west.

He remembered now that there had been a fire next door to this tenement on that side and that the building was now under repair—practically being made over new.

Into the cellar of this building the two Chinamen descended with Old King Brady in the bag.

"Well, well, well! The Chinks have got me all right this time," thought the old detective. "This, indeed, looks like the end."

He thought so when, after carrying him along the cellar, they dropped the bag into some hole.

Old King Brady landed with a bump which might well have broken bones.

He heard them pulling boards about and judged that they were covering the hole.

And that was all.

For after that came silence, but the smell which pervaded Old King Brady's prison was "loud" enough, as the saying goes, to wake the dead.

Charley did not see the bag go down the hole—he was not close enough on the trail of the two Chinks for that.

Charley hovered in the distance.

The boy had suffered much since the death of his parents and the disappearance of his sister.

Naturally his hatred for the Chinese was enormous and it had not been rendered any the less by his own adventures in Chinatown that night.

Thus he can scarcely be blamed for being cautious on his own account.

And after all it was just as well, for if High Dock and his pal had got him there would have been a dead boy

thrown down that hole to keep Old King Brady company, beyond all doubt.

Charley got into the yard behind the new building.

Here he crouched down behind a pile of boards and watched until he saw the two Chinamen come up out of the cellar, minus their bag.

They slipped through an opening in the fence and were gone on the instant.

Charley got into the cellar as quick as he could.

He had no other means of lighting his way than by matches.

But of these he had a plenty, and he soon saw that there was no evidence of the bag in that cellar, which was pretty well choked with rubbish.

But they had taken it in and had not brought it out, so there it must be somewhere, Charley reasoned, and he set to work to look it up.

He had heard the two Chinamen pulling about the boards the same as Old King Brady did, so seeing four or five old lime-covered planks, which had been used by the masons, piled up, he started in to unpile them and see what it meant.

He quickly discovered a round hole in the cellar floor, which seemed to lead down into some sewer, judging from the smell.

Charley struck another match and, lying down flat, took a view.

There was the bag about four feet down, lying on muddy bricks.

"Mr. Brady! Oh, Mr. Brady!" called the boy.

There was no answer.

Old King Brady heard the call, and for the moment it gave him hope.

But he could not answer. He was gagged.

The best he was able to do was to make certain sounds, which were not loud enough for Charley to hear through the bag.

And so it came about that Charley arrived at the natural conclusion that Old King Brady was dead.

It upset him to the limit.

Leaving the hole still uncovered he hurried back, got out on Pell street and went to the Bradys' rooms.

In the meantime, Harry had been and gone, and had locked the door.

Charley was quick to grasp the situation.

"The young fellow has been here," he said to himself.

"He has gone again. What in the world am I to do now?"

Of course the natural thought was a policeman.

Charley hated to do it.

Penniless and friendless, he did not feel quite sure where the appeal was going to land him.

Still something had to be done, and he went down on the street again, but there was no policeman to be seen.

A white man of respectable appearance was passing.

"Can you tell me where the nearest police station is, sir?" demanded Charley.

"Hello!" said the man. "What's that?"

"The nearest police station I was inquiring for, sir."

"What do you want of it?"

"I'll tell them there, sir. I'm a stranger here in New York."

"You'll tell me here, boy."

"But why should I?"

"I'm an officer."

The man exhibited some kind of a badge.

He was the other wardman in the Chinatown district.

At that very moment Young King Brady was around on the Bowery, talking with his running-mate.

"Oh, you are a detective?" cried Charley.

"Yes."

"Then you are just the man I want to see. Old King Brady—"

"Well, well! What about Old King Brady? He's a friend of mine."

"If you'd only give me a chance to speak, sir."

"Speak, you little yap! If you don't, I'll run you in!"

The necessity for such talk was scarcely apparent.

"The Chinks have killed him!" blurted Charley, determined to stick to the main point.

"Don't you believe it. Who was telling you? How do you know?"

"They had him in a bag. They threw him into a hole in the cellar of that new building right there."

"I don't believe it. What yer givin' us, anyway?"

"If you won't believe me, I don't see how I'm going to make you," replied Charley, half ready to cry. "If you'd only come and see for yourself, mister. The bag is there now."

"Come on! We'll blame soon settle it!" said the wardman, clutching Charley's arm. "If you are kidding me, boy, then you'll find that you've tackled the wrong customer. I'll make you sick!"

He hurried Charley through to the rear and they entered the cellar, where the wardman drew out an electric flashlight.

"There! Down there!" said Charley, pointing to the hole.

The wardman flashed his light down through the opening, Charley looking over his shoulder.

"You little liar!" he thundered, again clutching the boy's arm. "Now you come along with me!"

It was a case of no bag.

CHAPTER VIII.

"J. A. W.—JAW!"

Harry's first impulse was to follow the man with the cloak, and perhaps he might have done so if Chuck Mullins had not groaned out.

"Stay by me, Harry! Stay by me! He's done me! Dis is de time I get me finish!"

"Who was he? Give me his name and address, first thing, so I may go for him!" Harry exclaimed, as the crowd began to gather.

"No, I'm a dead game sport!" replied Chuck. "I don't do business dat way. All I'll say is dat we hate each other. He swore to do me at sight, and I swore to do him. I gotter take me dose—dat's all."

But he changed his mind when at the Hudson Street Hospital, where Harry landed him, the doctors told him, after a careful examination, that he had but a few hours to live.

Then he begged that Young King Brady, who still lingered in the building, should be sent for.

Harry came, all sympathy.

He listened to certain dying requests and promised Chuck that he would see them executed, which we may as well say now he did.

Then Chuck said:

"Harry, I've changed me mind. I won't tell you nothing about dat snoozer, beyond de fact dat he is a crook. But I will tell you his name an' if youse can run him to de chair, I believe I shall rest easier in me grave."

"Tell it!" said Harry. "Don't delay!"

"He's Bill Felter. I tought he was out West somewhere. He's wanted in New York. If de bulls once get him, it's de chair for his, and not on my account, neither."

"Do you mean 8,672, Rogues' Gallery?" demanded Harry. "Forger, confidence man, all-round crook? Once a captain in the United States Army?"

"Dat's de bloke. He really was an officer in de reg'lar army, too. Dey tell me he's a graduate of West Point."

There was more to it, but true to his claim of being "a dead game sport," Chuck Mullins gave nothing away concerning Captain Felter's quarrel with himself.

And that night Chuck Mullins died.

It was good riddance to extremely bad rubbish, of course, but just the same, Young King Brady always wished that he had not sent the wardman to Jim Lavelle's.

After leaving the Hudson Street Hospital, Young King Brady went back to Chinatown and called at the Pell street rooms.

The door was still locked, and when he entered Harry found nothing to indicate that anyone had been there during his absence.

It seemed most mysterious.

He now began to grow seriously alarmed about Alice.

And well he might, considering how far advanced the evening had now become.

And another and still more important reason existed for his anxiety.

The fact is, Young King Brady has long been in love with his partner.

As yet he had not made the headway he could wish.

If Harry had had his way they would have been married long ago.

But Alice is devoted to her profession and will not hear to settling down to the monotony of married life.

There was nothing to be done in the matter, however, so Harry began to think of his case.

He wanted now, more than ever, to get a look at the letter to Chuck Mullins, which still remained in the possession of that inebriated limb of the law, Mr. Thomas Tuppet Pincher.

So he concluded to get back to the Occidental Hotel and ascertain the present condition of the little man.

At the hotel, which is the oldest on the Bowery, Harry was not known, but as soon as he explained who he was, he found the night clerk perfectly ready to lend him every assistance.

"I brought that drunken man here in connection with a case Old King Brady and I are working on," Harry explained. "If you could open the door and let me into his room without disturbing him, I should take it as a great favor."

The name of Brady was quite sufficient, and the clerk

went upstairs with Harry and personally opened the door with a pass-key.

They found the little lawyer lying on the bed, dead to the world.

"Going through him?" demanded the clerk.

"That's my intention. I want you to bear witness that I take nothing valuable."

"Just let me see your shield again. We have to be particular, you know."

"I want you to be particular."

The clerk examined the shield.

"That's all right, Mr. Brady. Go ahead and do your work," he said.

All Harry wanted was the memorandum book and letter.

He got both, but the former amounted to nothing.

The letter, which he tore open without ceremony, read as follows:

"Covington, Ky., Nov. —, —."

"Dear Brother:

"dis will make you acquaint wit me frend, Mister pinches; he's out for some gal what's married to a Chink I tink he wants her dun up though he didn't say so; he's got de dough, get yer pay in advance, noting fer me i come in troo another. Yours,
JIM."

"Does the letter tell you what you want to know?" demanded the clerk.

"Exactly what I wanted," replied Harry. "I'll stay here until he wakes up."

Taking the hint the clerk left.

Harry had no idea of wasting time.

He concluded to give Pincher the time it would take for him to smoke a cigar and get quieted down, and then to arouse him.

"And so, after all, it is just as well that Chuck got it as he did," he thought. "He would have taken that contract all right. I wonder how much money this fellow has."

He had not interfered with Pincher's cash, but now he went for his pockets and got at it.

There was still a lot in the fat roll.

Harry figured it out that someone had given the man \$2,000.

He had just restored the money to Pincher's pocket when there came a low knock on the door.

Harry got up and opened it.

It required considerable self-control to keep an unmoved face, for there stood the murderer of Chuck Mullins outside.

Captain Felter seemed as much astonished as Harry was himself.

"Beg your pardon. Perhaps I've got the wrong room," he said. "I was looking for a party by the name of Pincher."

He looked at the number on the door and remarked that it was the one given him by the clerk.

"It's all right. Pincher is here," replied Harry, opening the door to its full width.

Captain Felter glanced at the bed as he entered.

"I should say he was," he replied, disgustedly. "Drunk?"

"As you see."

"Humph! You a friend of his?"

"Evidently he doesn't recognize me," thought Harry.

"How can I lead him on?"

"No, I'm not his friend," he said aloud, and on the spur of the moment he resolved to tell the truth.

"My name is Brady," he added.

Captain Felter gave a start and looked hard at Harry.

"My name is Dinsmore," he said. "I'm from Covington; this fellow's home town. I came to look him up, for I was afraid he would get on a bat. It's a habit of his."

"I judge so. He certainly needs looking after."

"Are you looking after him?"

"As you see. He has got a lot of money on him and he needs to be looked after."

Captain Felter dropped into a chair.

"Mr. Brady, I may as well tell you that I gave him that money."

"Well?"

"Oh, I am not proposing to take it away from him. The fact is the man came to New York on my business. He was to engage a detective to look up a certain matter for me."

"He engaged one."

"You?"

"Yes."

"Are you one of the Brady detectives?"

"I am Young King Brady."

Captain Felter shifted uneasily in his chair.

His face assumed a disgusted look.

"I will be frank with you, Mr. Brady," he said. "You were not the party he was instructed to engage."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps he could not find the party you suggested."

"I didn't suggest anyone in particular."

"Oh, I understand! Let me be as frank as yourself, Mr. Dinsmore. It isn't that you object to me personally, but that you think I am not the right sort for the job."

"That's it."

"Perhaps you are wrong. The job Mr. Pincher gave me was to look up a Mrs. Wing Wang, white girl from Covington who married a Chinaman. Is that your business?"

"It is."

"Come!" said Harry. Half confidences are no confidences. I'll tell you just what I've been doing. Pincher came to me with this case of his and paid me a very liberal retaining fee."

"How liberal?"

"Five hundred."

"Had he been drinking?"

"He may have had one or two, but he was perfectly able to attend to business."

"Did he say what he wanted done with this woman in case she was found?"

"He said he wanted to have a few minutes' talk with her, and after he had done that she would be willing to go to Covington with him."

"Traitor!" muttered the captain.

The word was spoken so low that it was doubtful if he intended Harry to hear.

"So you think he meant to sell you out?" demanded Harry, determined to bring matters to a head.

"Oh! You heard me?"

"Yes."

"Well, I do think so. He wouldn't have gone to you if he had not had that intention."

"Wait!"

"You wait a second! Is Old King Brady working on the case?"

"I don't know where Old King Brady is. I am the one who is working on the case."

"I see. Go on."

"I was about to say that Pincher left me after giving me money and orders. I came down to Chinatown to look for this woman. Then I ran into him, so drunk that I had to bring him up here and put him to bed. He talked differently then."

"Well, say!"

"He was looking for Chuck Mullins, the strong-arm man. Said he wanted to have the girl done up."

Captain Felter's face was a study.

Harry had now worked him up to the point where he wanted to get him.

"He does not know me," he said to himself. "Let him put his proposition. It will come all right."

And it did!

Avoiding all allusion to Chuck Mullins, Captain Felter, after sounding Harry in various ways, said suddenly:

"Perhaps the way Pincher put it when he was drunk was the right way. Suppose you take what cash he has got left, and——"

He paused.

"Get the Red Lady of Chinatown out of your way?" replied Harry, filling out the sentence.

The captain nodded.

Harry was silent.

"Perhaps you consider that out of your line," continued the captain.

"It is a little. But——"

"Well?"

"How much money has he got about him?"

"Don't you know? I give him two thousand."

"I do know. He has thirteen hundred and some odd."

"It's yours."

"Not enough, Mr. Dinsmore."

"Can you put your finger on this woman?"

"I can."

"Then I'll make it enough if she never bothers me again."

"I can arrange the thing, I suppose," said Harry; "but the price?"

"Make it even two thousand?"

"No, sir!"

"What then?"

"Make it even five thousand?"

"Phew! You are high."

"High, man!" cried Harry, assuming sudden excitement. "What's five thousand to a man who is working for a million?"

Captain Felter sprang to his feet.

"Who told you that?" he hissed. "He didn't, for he didn't know!"

Suddenly Mr. T. Tuppet Pincher turned over on the bed.

"J. A. W.—jaw!" he muttered. "What you two jawing about? Quit it and let's all have a drink!"

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE OLD SEWER.

The illusion was so perfect that even Alice, sharp as she was, found herself deceived there in the dim light of the hanging lamp which had guided her steps through the secret passage.

But it was only for the moment.

Then she saw that the supposed guardian of this secret shrine was only a dummy, made up of a suit of ancient Chinese armor, a mask and so on.

But Alice had come to the end of her rope.

There was a little niche in the wall cut off by a red curtain, with a Chinese chair inside.

What it was intended for Alice could only guess, but certainly there was no way out through it.

Nor could she find any other way and, although she knew that there must be a way somewhere, Alice was obliged to give it up.

The situation had now become serious, for she could hear the jabbering of the Chinamen in the distance.

The lodge was certainly out and the crowd was coming.

A female caught outside the secret meeting place of a Chinese tong?

Poor Alice knew that if she really was caught she was as good as dead.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to get in behind the curtain and hold her breath.

On came the shuffling Chinks and, in an instant, the secret was revealed, for the first one who came up to the fake guardian got hold of the image and turned it around.

Peering out from behind her curtain, Alice saw that a trap door had raised itself overhead and there was a ladder slowly coming down.

By the moving of the image the signal had been sounded to the real guardian of the lodge door above.

The Chinks climbed the ladder and departed.

More came straggling along.

Alice was able to watch them all. High Dock and his companion were not among them.

Now someone shouted High Dock's name from above.

The answer came from the distance:

"Coming! I'll close up! Don't wait!"

"Little good it will do me," thought Alice. "After they take up the ladder I shall be as bad off as before."

She listened with the closest attention.

As High Dock and his companion drew nearer she caught what they were saying.

"I will do nothing about it to-night. I want to think it over, High Dock," the man said.

The other urged his case when they got to the ladder.

"You mean to see Wing Wang and give me away," he finally said, with some display of anger. "If you do, then beware! I'll follow you till——"

"Hush!" broke in the other Chink. "Don't say it, or you may regret it. No, High Dock. I do not mean to give you away. That, I swear, I will not do, for we are old friends. A man has a right to confide in a friend and the friend must respect his confidence, but you must remember that Wing Wang has also been my friend. Before I decide between you, I must consult the joss."

High Dock's reply to this was just a dissatisfied grunt, and they went off together up the ladder, which was then raised and the trap door closed.

Before this was done High Dock put out the lamp, and Alice again found herself in darkness.

Satisfied that it was all over for the night, so far as the tongs were concerned, Alice hardly knew what to do.

But she had no intention of remaining idle.

She could always go back by the way she had come.

There might be a chance of thus escaping danger, as it seemed on the face of things.

But before trying this she resolved upon another and more thorough search for some other outlet where she was.

She had scarcely begun this when she heard somebody moving about overhead, and she shot back behind the curtain.

It was well that she lost no time, for the trap door was immediately raised, the ladder lowered and down came High Dock's companion, carrying an ordinary lantern.

He was muttering to himself in Chinese.

Now to literally translate Chinese would make sentences scarcely readable—that must be always borne in mind.

What the fellow was saying meant something like this:

"The scoundrel! I'll fix him! He will try to persuade my friend, will he? I'll put Wing Wang wise to this game!"

Perhaps he knew secrets within secrets connected with this place—things which even High Dock did not know. It looked so.

The Chinaman picked up the man in armor bodily and stood him to one side.

The figure was attached to a square of planks, and when these came away an open trap was revealed beneath.

Evidently there was a ladder in the opening.

The Chinaman descended into it and disappeared.

He was going to the tong king.

"What was to be done?" Alice asked herself.

Of course prudence would have suggested that to attempt to follow this man was the last thing she ought to do.

But the detective fever had seized Alice again.

She was thinking of the Red Lady.

If High Dock got her, the unfortunate creature was done for.

Certainly she ought to be told of the good fortune which might be hers.

Alice determined to go on the warpath again, and it is safe to assert that there is not another female detective in New York who would have dared to take the risk.

But Alice took it, and she descended that ladder with her flashlight.

It took her into an arched vault about twenty feet

long, and at the end was a little door, which stood open.

Beyond the door was a still longer arched way, evidently an old and unusual sewer.

"Come, this is no Chinese work," thought Alice. "There must have been some old brewery or something of the sort here once."

The passage ran both ways. Off to the right Alice could see the glimmer of the Chinaman's lantern.

"Oh, if Old King Brady was only here to help me out in this!" Alice exclaimed, half aloud.

And then, as if in echo to her own words, came the answer behind her.

"Old King Brady is here—somewhere!"

Startled, of course, Alice stopped short.

She had put out her flashlight, not wishing to attract the attention of the Chinaman.

"Who spoke?" she exclaimed.

"Say, miss, are you the lady detective what the Bradys were waiting for?" demanded the voice.

"I am."

"Miss Montgomery?"

"Yes, yes! Who are you?"

Somebody was coming forward now.

Alice turned on her light and saw a shabby boy.

It was Charley Trevanion, of course, and it will be recollected that Alice knew nothing of him, except what she had heard High Dock say.

"What's your name? Where is Old King Brady?" she asked.

"I'm Charley Trevanion, miss. As for Old King Brady, I'm afraid he's dead all right. You don't know how bad I feel about it, and I have a right to, for he saved my life to-night. I only wish I had been quick enough to save him."

"Look here," said Alice, "you must be the boy High Dock hung out of his window?"

"That's what I am, miss. How did you know? You must have seen the young fellow, I suppose?"

"You mean Young King Brady?"

"Yes."

"No; I haven't seen him. No matter how I know. It would take too long to tell. You are Mrs. Wing Wang's brother?"

"Yes, ma'am! Yes! Say, someone must have told you. Maybe you have seen Old King Brady. Maybe he's alive, after all."

"I have not seen Old King Brady. From what you tell me and what I have heard, I'm afraid he may be dead. But tell me more—tell me all about it, and tell it as quick as you can."

Charley told about the affair of the bag and his own adventure with the wardman.

As for the end of that part of the performance it need only be said that the wardman started to take the boy to the Elizabeth street station, but on the way Charley, who managed to wriggle out of his clutches, took to his heels and made good his own escape.

"And after I got away, miss, the old man was on my mind," he went on to say, "so I came back to that building and hunted about till I found a rope. I let myself down and started to see if I could find out what became of him. I had just only begun when I seen that Chink

come down with the lantern, and then I seen you. That's the whole story, miss. Now you know all I've got to tell."

"And the bag is gone?" demanded Alice, her hopes rising.

"Yes, miss. Clear gone."

"Then Old King Brady is not dead. It is not so easy to kill him. We shall find him yet. Lead the way back to this hole you came down through."

"Sure! Might I ask, miss, what brought you here?"

"I'm doing detective work," replied Alice. "That's enough for you to know. Lead on."

It was but a few steps back to the place, and the sewer ended a few steps further on.

Alice flashed her light around.

"Why, there's your bag!" she exclaimed.

Somebody had given it a toss over behind the opening and Charley, having only his matches to aid him, had not seen it there.

The bag was empty.

Alice took it up and examined it.

"Cut with a sharp knife!" she exclaimed; "and look! Here are the remains of the rope he was tied with!"

"Sure thing!" cried Charley. "He couldn't have done it himself, miss."

"No; he could not have done it himself."

"Then someone must have come along here in the short time I was away."

"It certainly looks so."

"If that fool detective had only had any sense we might have come down and caught on to something."

"That is what should have been done. But we must investigate, Charley. Besides being my partner, Old King Brady is a very dear friend."

"It's a good thing I met you, miss."

He could hardly realize what a good thing Alice considered it that she had met him!

The light of the Chinaman's lantern had long since disappeared, but there was only one direction in which to continue their investigation.

Alice now undertook to explain her own situation to Charley as they walked along through the damp, foul-smelling passage.

"And the Chinks mean to get my sister away from Wing Wang!" cried Charley. "You say they mean to kill her? How will she get the money then?"

"What I mean is," replied Alice, "that after she gets the money they will probably kill her. This High Dock is after the money. He doesn't care anything about your sister. I heard him say as much."

They were drawing near the end of the passage, and Alice was satisfied that they had already passed under Pell street.

As she flashed her light on before her she saw a ladder ahead.

"There's your way out, Charley," she said. "It must lead into some cellar, I suppose. We have to be very careful."

They listened at the foot of the ladder, but could hear no sound.

"Shall I sneak up?" asked Charley.

"Perhaps you better."

"I'm the smallest. I can get my head through that hole easy."

The hole above the ladder was a round one, and quite large enough to permit a man to pass.

"Take the light," said Alice, "but don't use it until you have listened, and not then, if you hear the least noise."

Charley got up the ladder and, thrusting his head through the hole, remained in that position some minutes.

Then he looked down and said:

"I can hear people talking, miss, but I can't make out what they are saying. I think they are talking Chinese."

"Come down and let me try it," said Alice. "What do you find up there—a cellar?"

"That's what it is, miss. Shall I flash the light first?"

"Yes, do so."

"Just a cellar, miss, full of a lot of old trash," reported Charley, looking down again.

"Get up into it," replied Alice, "and I'll follow you."

She started up the ladder, Charley flashing the light as she came.

CHAPTER X.

UP AGAINST THE TONG KING.

Old King Brady went out after the tong king.

At this stage of the case, although they came together, it can scarcely be said that he got him.

The case was rather the reverse.

It was the tong king who got the old detective, for, while Old King Brady lay there bound and helpless in the bag after the departure of Charley Trevanion, along came Mr. Wing Wang.

The fact was the tong king who killed Joe Ling was feeling rather shaky as to his own safety, although he had no knowledge of the fact that the Bradys were out after him.

Probably this was why he kept away from the meeting of the secret tong over which he was expected to preside, and why he came sneaking into the cellar of the new house, intending to get into the old sewer which he had been making use of for some time, instead of using the passage which led down from the underground den of the secret tong.

Wing Wang needed no rope to get down with, for he had no intention of coming up that way again.

He just lowered himself through the hole, held on by his hands and dropped.

And as he did not use a light or stop to look where he was going, as a matter of course, he dropped on the bag.

It is hardly possible that anyone can step on a human being and not know it, even if a big gummy sack does enclose the "form divine."

Wing Wang was a lightweight, but Old King Brady naturally squirmed at the contact.

Thus the Chink missed his footing and fell, to get up again, swearing after the manner of Chinks and to wonder what he had run up against.

The tong king had a flashlight and he brought it to bear on the bag.

Probably he thought he was up against a crime, com-

mitted by some of his fellow tongers—friends or foes—when he got out his knife and cut away the covering.

No doubt he expected to see a dead Chinaman inside.

But what he did not expect to see was Old King Brady, whom he, in common with every other opium-smuggling Chink in the United States, knew by sight.

If Chuck Mullins was "a dead game sport" in his way, then Wing Wang was another, after the way of the Chinese.

He wore diamonds and a heavy gold watch and chain, his clothes were the latest thing of the best Bowery tailor. In short, Wing Wang was a pretty good-looking Chink, and Old King Brady recognized him by his picture as soon as the Chinaman flashed his lantern down upon his face.

"Well!" exclaimed Wing Wang. "Old King Brady, the detective! Well!"

And he said more in Chinese—probably things as uncomplimentary as possible, but they were not understood.

But as for Old King Brady, of course, he could say nothing on account of the gag.

But Wing Wang soon settled that by tearing the gag away.

"You are Old King Brady, the detective!" he exclaimed.

"I am," was the faint response.

The foul odors, combined with the loss of blood, had about fixed the old detective.

He was feeling decidedly shaky.

It seemed to him that he was liable to faint away any instant.

"How came you here?"

It seemed best to tell the truth—indeed, the old detective was in no shape to make up any romance just then.

So he murmured: "High Dock!" and then drifted off into the land of nowhere.

When he came to himself he was free from the bag and his bonds.

Wing Wang was bending over him, holding his head up out of the mud.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

"I'm alive," murmured Old King Brady.

"And it's a wonder you are, old man."

"Yes."

"Oh, you don't understand! Three tongs have sworn to put you out of business."

"Ah!"

Wing Wang might have added that he was head of all three, but he kept that interesting piece of information back.

"But I am not killing you now," he added. "I could easily have done it, too. Try to get on your feet."

It was accomplished with the Chinaman's help.

"Now you come along with me and I will see what can be done for you," added Wing Wang, holding him tightly by the arm.

They walked slowly through the old sewer, the Chinaman lighting the way with his electric lamp.

They proceeded thus until they came to the ladder, the old detective gaining strength as they proceeded.

He was thinking hard, too.

He believed Wing Wang when he said that three tongs in Chinatown had sworn to kill him.

Although he did not especially fear these people, Old King Brady knew that he was a marked man—had known it for some time.

If Wing Wang was the leader of any of these tongs then his situation was certainly a dangerous one, he reasoned.

It seemed up to him to get on the right side of the Chinaman if he could.

As for Mr. Pincher's case, Old King Brady had not taken it very seriously until he encountered Charley Trevanion.

And now it seemed to him that his only hope, if the tong king knew that orders had been issued by the Secret Service Bureau that he should be gathered in, was to play this Trevanion business against the other.

As Secret Service work always comes first with the old detective he resolved to do that very thing.

He got up the ladder with less difficulty than he expected, Wing Wang following.

They had now come into a small room littered with old boxes and barrels, which had evidently been partitioned off from some cellar.

Old King Brady judged that it did not take up a third of the full cellar space.

"You stand where you are, old man," said the tong king. "I'm going to get a light."

He vanished behind a pile of boxes and was gone some little time.

When he came back with a lamp, Old King Brady was sitting on a box leaning back against a barrel, looking what he was, a very badly used-up man.

"Have you been shot?" demanded Wing Wang.

"No, stabbed!" said Old King Brady.

"Who by? High Dock?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"It's a long story. I am almost too weak to tell it. If I could only lie down somewhere."

"Come with me."

Wing Wang got him by the arm and helped him through a door behind the boxes, entering a snug little room, fitted up in Chinese style.

Here there was a bamboo couch, and he made Old King Brady lie down on it.

Presently he came along with a little whisky and, after this had done its work, he proceeded to examine the old detective's wound.

"Why it is nothing," he said, "but you have lost a good deal of blood. That's what makes you feel so faint."

"Help me to the street and I'll pay you well," said Old King Brady, making a bid for freedom.

"No."

"Do you mean to hold me a prisoner here?"

"Yes, for the present. I've got away your revolver and knife. You are entirely in my power, old man."

"I realize that; but don't you think you are making a mistake in holding a Secret Service man a prisoner?"

"Perhaps. I intend to make it, though. Do you know who I am?"

"Can't say I ever saw you before—no."

"All the same you know me. The Secret Service men have got my picture. I know that. You have seen it, of course."

"You speak good English, my friend."

"Why wouldn't I? I was born in San Francisco. I have never been out of the United States except to Canada, but you can't turn the question that way. I am sure you know me, all right."

"Tell me your name and then I shall know you."

"I am going to do that. I want you to understand just what you are up against. I am Wing Wang. In this Chinatown and every other I am known as the tong king."

Old King Brady drew a long breath.

"My friend, I am very glad you told me this," he said.

"I have something I can tell you which is sure to interest you very much if you will only set me free."

"What?"

"Is it a bargain?"

"How can I make a bargain until I know what it is you have to tell?"

"If I tell all then there will be no chance to make a bargain, Wing Wang."

"Well, that's so, too. But I can send for High Dock. He will tell."

"He has nothing to tell. What is more, I don't think High Dock is your friend."

"I am not so sure but what you are right about that."

"Listen, and I'll give you a hint. You are married to a white woman. For a long time she was known as the Red Lady of Chinatown."

"Considering that you don't know me you seem to know a whole lot about my affairs, old man."

"They say you have killed her."

"It's a lie! She went on the street too much in her red dress. I put a stop to it—that's all. She is my wife."

"Then you are a lucky man."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean money."

"Money! Do you mean money coming to my wife?"

"Yes."

"That's impossible! Her father and mother are both dead. When they died they scarcely left enough to bury them."

"All the same I repeat that I mean money, and to show you that I know what I am talking about I will tell you who your wife was before you married her. She was Emily Trevanion, of Covington, Ky."

Wing Wang, greatly excited now, began pacing up and down.

"Tell me more!" he cried.

"If you set me free I can easily prove to you that there is money coming to Mrs. Wing Wang."

"Is that so! Old man, you must tell! Is it her uncle!"

"Go ask your wife if you won't set me free, Wing Wang. I'll not say another word until I find myself standing a free man on Pell street."

"I'll take your advice!" cried the Chinaman. "I will ask her and she shall tell me all she knows!"

With that he opened another door and bounced out of the room.

He was gone a long time.

Now Old King Brady was feeling weaker than he would have cared to own.

He closed his eyes and, after a little, from sheer weakness, he dropped asleep.

When he awoke he heard the sound of voices out in the cellar, talking-excitedly in Chinese.

Wing Wang's face was readily recognized, but the old detective could not make out the other.

He lay there listening to what to his ears was senseless jabbering and heartily wishing that he possessed Alice's wonderful gift and could understand what was being said.

And at that same moment, if he had but known it, Charley Trevanion and Alice were coming through the old sewer.

The conversation ended abruptly.

Both Chinamen came in where Old King Brady was.

"So you have waked up, old man," the tong king said. "In good time, too. Come, I will introduce you to my wife. She wants to talk with you. Are you able to walk now?"

"Just that and no more," the old detective replied.

He was to be introduced to Mrs. Wing Wang, and he was expected to talk to her while Mr. Wing Wang listened on the outside.

How to head the tong king off in this little game, Old King Brady could not think, as he followed him through the door.

CHAPTER XI.

HARRY STRIKES A BARGAIN WITH A SCOUNDREL.

Harry and Captain Felter looked at each other—both looked at little Pincher, as, muttering, he turned over on the bed.

T. Tuppet Pincher was asleep again in a moment.

It did not seem likely that he had even seen Captain Felter or knew who he was talking to.

This complication safely passed, Harry wondered what he should do.

And while he was wondering the captain held up his finger and motioned to Harry to come out in the hall, which he did.

"We don't want to get him awake," the captain said. "The fellow is more or less of an idiot, anyway. I hired him because I didn't want to come to New York myself and—well, to tell the truth, Brady, I was drunk when I made the deal, which I regretted afterward. Still there were reasons for me acting as I did."

"Yes, and good ones," thought Harry. "You must have been drunk or crazy when you came to New York where you are wanted by the police, I fancy."

But aloud he merely said:

"Well, Mr. Dinsmore, and what is it to be?"

"Hold on! I want to understand this situation first," replied the captain. "Who told you I was out for a million?"

"Now that's my business," replied Harry. "Do you suppose I have studied my trade as a detective for nothing? I hardly think it. I know what I am talking about—that's all."

Captain Felter looked anything but satisfied.

"It's all right," he said. "I suppose you will explain

that part of the business when you get good and ready, but if I agree to pay you this large sum when do I get the girl and what do you propose?"

"You may get her to-night," replied Harry. "Come with me to Pell street, where I have rooms. You want to keep in hiding and you can't have a better place."

"I want to keep in hiding! Why? What do you mean?" demanded the captain, half angrily.

"Just what I say. Once more let me assure you that I did not go into the detective business yesterday. Your phiz is in the Rogues' Gallery of this town, my friend. I can't see that you have taken any particular precaution in the way of disguise. You are liable to be picked up by a plainclothes man any minute."

Captain Felter's face paled.

"Brady, I'll admit that you are right," he replied. "I am wanted by the New York police."

"I know that well enough. You better come with me."

"But I want to understand definitely about this woman. If you get her, what do you propose?"

"What you propose. Leave that to me. Want to see her first?"

"The trouble is, it won't do me any good to see her. I don't know her at all."

"Then you shall hear her talk and admit her own identity. Will that do?"

"That will do fine. Can you arrange for that?"

"I think so, if you will come to my rooms."

Harry felt that if he could only get him to the Chinatown rooms he might, with Alice's aid, if he could find her, be able to work some sort of admission out of the man.

"I'll go," said Captain Felter. "You seem to be the right sort and I am glad now that things have turned the way they have, but we want to get that money first."

"I'll attend to that. And the rest?"

"You shall have it, but I can't pay you now."

"That will hardly go."

"It will have to go. I haven't got it. I admit that I staked Pincher, but I got the money from somebody else. I shall have to strike the same party for more."

"Very well. Don't try to go back on me, though. If you do, I'll make you sick."

Harry opened the door and slipped into the room.

He did not exactly like the idea of going through Pincher's pockets, but it seemed best to clip the fellow's wings, and Harry felt sure that when he found his money gone he would come whirling about the Bradys' office.

By that time Harry felt that he should know just how to act.

Pincher was now sound asleep again, and it proved an easy matter to get the money.

Harry came out with it in his hand.

"Ha! So you have got it!" cried Captain Felter. "Well, put it up! That's the first instalment of your pay. Now let us go."

They went out on the Bowery and proceeded to Pell street.

"Stay here at the door till I make sure the coast is clear," said Harry, and he hurried upstairs.

Everything remained as he had left it, so he returned and brought Captain Felter up.

"Why this is all right!" exclaimed the captain, looking around. "A fellow might lie dark here indefinitely; but say, you can't live here?"

"Not at all, but we keep these rooms, to use when we are working our Chinese cases."

"I see. Any danger of Old King Brady dropping in?"

"Yes; he might. Do you know him?"

"I have seen him. He knows me. I don't want trouble."

"I'll fix that," said Harry, and he wrote on a card:

"This gentleman is a friend of mine. H."

"Now I'm going out to look for the Red Lady," he said. "As I told you, I think I can put my finger on her, and I propose to bring her in here if you want to see her."

"If she comes in she must not go out again, except to her finish."

"I'll fix that. She need not know who you are. I suppose you would not even object to——"

"Well?"

"Doing her up if it came to that."

A fiendish look came over Captain Felter's face.

"She's got to be done up by somebody," he said, "but when I hire a horse I don't propose to walk unless I have to."

"We'll get her first," said Harry, and he left the house.

He had not the remotest idea what he was going to do, but he felt that it was something to have got on the blind side of this murderous crook.

If I see nothing of the Governor or Alice I'll get back with a policeman and we'll run him in," he said to himself, as he walked up Pell street.

Little did he guess the strenuous adventures his partners had been having.

It was now about midnight.

Here was a case crowded into a few hours, and the end was nearer than Harry supposed.

He had gone but a short distance, keeping an eye out on all sides for Old King Brady or Alice, when a boy suddenly came up alongside of him.

It was not until he touched his arm that Harry saw that he was Charley Trevanion.

"Oh, I am so glad I met you!" Charley exclaimed. "I was just going to the rooms to look for you. Miss Montgomery——"

"Well! Well! What about her?" broke in Harry.

"Wants you."

"Wants me! Where is she then?"

"She's in a secret cellar. The Chinks have got Old King Brady a prisoner. He's been stabbed. You want to come right away."

This was enough to start Harry, of course.

The rest of Charley's story had to be told while they were on the move.

But Harry only got part of what we have already told—Alice's part.

Climbing up into the cellar, Alice listened to the talk of the Chinamen in the room, beyond which was the room in which Old King Brady went to sleep.

She heard enough to give her a key to the situation.

That she was listening to Wing Wang and that he had Old King Brady a prisoner there underground, was made plain.

So Alice, not feeling it safe to tackle these two Chinamen herself with no other help than the boy, gave whispered orders to Charley to get back to the rooms and see if Harry could not be found.

Charley was loath to leave her.

"Go on and have no fears," said Alice. "I'll hide here behind these boxes and I am safe enough. I should not leave, anyway, until I can see Old King Brady safe."

And Charley, fortunate enough to meet Young King Brady on the street, guided him to the opening in the old sewer.

Meanwhile Alice remained listening.

But the talk had now ceased.

For a time all was silence.

Curious to know what it meant, Alice ventured nearer the door, which was closed.

She put her eye to the keyhole, not daring to open the door, but could see nothing.

The only conclusion she could draw was that the two Chinamen must have penetrated further into the secret rooms.

She was wrong.

They stood with their ears pressed against the panel of another door, listening.

Now would have been the time to nab them if Harry had only been on hand.

Harry was coming, but before he got there the silence was broken.

Suddenly Alice heard one of the pair exclaim in Chinese:

"Why they've gone! They've escaped!"

Then there was a rush and a door slammed.

Alice opened the door where she was listening and peered into the room beyond.

It was empty.

Before she could make a move she heard a slight noise behind her.

Light streaming out from the room showed her Harry just coming up through the hole in the cellar floor.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

When Old King Brady got into that inner room he saw that at last he had come up with the Red Lady of Chinatown.

And, even now in her imprisonment, she was dressed in red.

She was sitting in her rocking chair in a neatly furnished little room, partitioned off in the cellar, bolstered up with pillows and looking the picture of despair.

She raised her head and looked at Old King Brady curiously as he came in with her husband, who spoke a few words to her in Chinese.

Wing Wang then immediately retreated and closed the door.

That his idea was to let his wife and Old King Brady do the talking while he did the listening act, there can be no doubt.

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It was a bit of cheap slyness, which was typically Chinese.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Wing Wang. "Take a chair. Wang says you have been stabbed. I am sorry. I wish there was something I could do to help you, but you see for yourself how it is with me."

"I am afraid you can't help me," replied Old King Brady, dropping into a chair. "Are you an invalid, ma'am?"

"Not at all. I am a prisoner."

"Like myself."

"You have come to a bad place, sir, and you have run up against a bad man—my husband, I mean. I have no doubt he is listening to me now. He's always peering and listening and spying. I don't care if he does hear me say it. How did you fall into his clutches?"

"It is not exactly as you put it, Mrs. Wang. Your husband saved my life to-night."

"Did he then? I wish he would save mine by letting me out of here. He says High Dock stabbed you because you were trying to find me. I can hardly believe that. High Dock is my friend."

"It is true, Mrs. Wang, and I am afraid High Dock is not your friend, any more than he is a friend of your husband. He is a schemer. He is planning to get hold of a fortune which has been left to you."

"What!" cried the Red Lady. "A fortune left to me! I can't believe! Who would leave me money?"

"It is a fact, but I shall not tell you who left this

money. I shall tell nothing more than I have told until Wing Wang sets me free."

But as he said this Old King Brady took out his memorandum book and wrote:

"We will talk one way with our mouths and another with this book. The fortune is over a million, they say. It was left by your uncle, Judge Trevanion. Say no more about it, aloud except to keep urging me to tell you. Write here if there is any way out of this room except the way I came in."

Mrs. Wang "tumbled" instantly.

She began a stream of talk and questions which Old King Brady parried.

Meanwhile they talked with book and pencil.

Mrs. Wang learned all Old King Brady had to tell in this fashion, even to the fact of Charley's lucky escape.

Old King Brady on his part learned that there was a secret panel in the wall, but that Mrs. Wang did not know how to work the spring.

The old detective, still talking at random, got up and began to study into it.

Meanwhile Wing Wang could be heard talking to someone in the other room.

At last this talk ceased.

Old King Brady wondered who could be with the tong king, and he asked the wife by look, but she wrote that she had no idea.

Silence soon followed.

Still talking, Old King Brady continued to study the problem for some time, but without making any headway, until at last in the most unexpected fashion he solved it, for the spring was in the floor and he touched it accidentally with his foot.

The panel opened noiselessly.

"No, ma'am, I will not tell you any more about it until Wing Wang puts me out on Pell street," said the old detective aloud.

And as he said it he pointed to the open panel.

Mrs. Wing Wang got up and glided towards it.

Old King Brady pushed her gently through the opening, passed through himself and closed the panel.

The old detective got out his electric light and flashed it.

They were in very narrow quarters. Here was a ladder leading up to a trap door.

"Clearly our way lies up this ladder," said the old detective. "Follow me."

* * * * *

"Well, so we meet at last!" whispered Harry, as he joined Alice near the door.

"Your tong king has just passed from the room beyond this to another. If you are good for two Chinks, now is your time."

"Right! Have you your revolver?"

"Yes."

She drew her revolver. Harry had already drawn his.

"Boy, can you shoot straight?" he asked.

"Sure thing," replied Charley.

"Then take this revolver. I have another. Come!"

And he threw open the door, passing through the other door into the next room.

The secret panel stood open—the ladder was revealed.

"The Governor has given them the slip all right and has taken the Red Lady with him," said Harry.

They climbed the ladder.

It brought them out into a closet, and from the closet they stepped into the hallway of one of the old buildings on the north side of Pell street.

"Our help is not needed," said Harry. "Let us hurry to the room. No doubt the Governor has taken the Red Lady there."

Harry hurriedly explained about Captain Felter to Alice, Charley listening, of course.

"Why, that man's my cousin!" exclaimed the boy.

When they reached the door of the house in which the Bradys' rooms were, Harry paused.

"Alice, have you your Red Lady disguise about you?" he asked.

"Surely, Harry."

"Then I've got a scheme. If you can get into it and show yourself on the street, the chances are ten to one that if Wing Wang sees you, and he probably will, you can lure him into this house."

She hurried upstairs.

Just then Old King Brady came hurrying up.

"Well, Governor!" exclaimed Harry.

"Here I am, what's left of me," panted Old King Brady.

"My sister?" blurted Charley.

"Boy, I've got your sister and I have put her in the Elizabeth street police station for safekeeping," replied the old detective. "You can see her now if you run around there with my card."

Charley lost no time, you may be sure.

Meanwhile Harry explained his scheme for trapping the tong king and hurriedly told about Captain Felter.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

"I hear Alice coming downstairs," said Harry.

"I will go up and meet her," said Old King Brady. "I will hide at the head of the stairs and be ready to pounce on Wing Wang when he comes up."

"Oh, I think so!"

Alice was down in a minute, dressed as the Red Lady.

Thus again she baited her trap and again she promptly made her catch.

For she had not been standing ten minutes in that doorway when Wing Wang came along alone.

He came—he saw—he was conquered!

He made a rush for Alice as soon as ever his eyes rested on the red dress.

She flitted up the stairs and the tong king chased after her.

The Bradys got him there in the hall. It was the old detective who snapped the handcuffs on. And Captain Felter, who looked out to see what the noise was all about, was promptly served the same way.

It was the case of a single evening. It was but a little after midnight when all was ended, so far as the Bradys were concerned. The last act was the capture of High Dock, who was found in his rooms.

Wing Wang went to the electric chair for the murder of Joe Ling, and his wife was thus freed.

Captain Felter's was the same fate, for the shooting of Chuck Mullins. High Dock got ten years for attempting Charley's life.

Little Pincher escaped, for the Bradys did not bother him. Whatever became of the man, no one knows, for he failed to return to Covington. Chances are he fills a drunkard's grave.

Mrs. Wing Wang in due time came into her uncle's large estate.

Charley and his sister now reside in the Far West, where the woman's story is not known.

As for the rest, the Bradys came in for a fat reward when the Red Lady finally got her affairs settled.

The old detective always declares that the quickest case he ever worked out to a finish was the one we have now been recording—The Bradys After the Tong Kings."

THE END.

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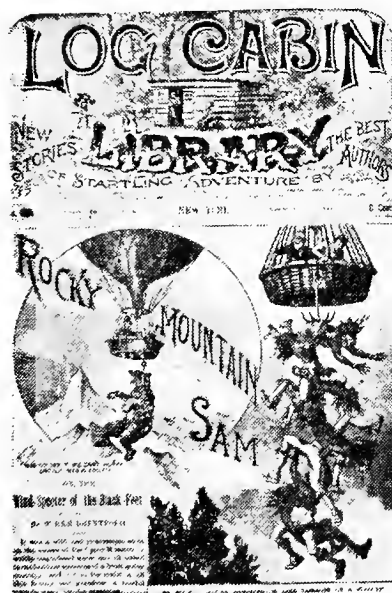
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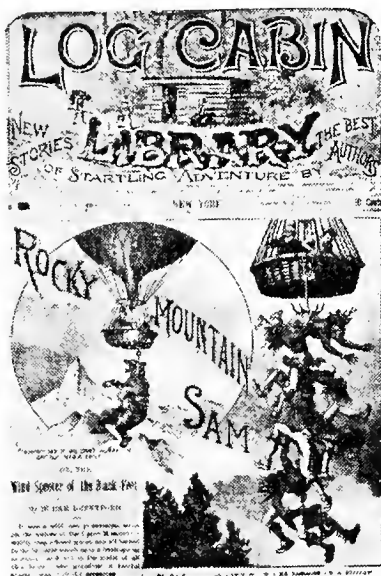
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